

THE GAZETTE'S DEECEE BICENTENNIAL COMIX

RETROFIRE
YOUR BLASTING TUBES
FOUL ALPHA CENTAURIANS
YOU'LL NOT HAVE
YON POLITICAL UNIT

DEECEE IS MINE

MINE TO TAX
MINE TO GOVERN
MINE TO RAISE HEIGHT LIMITS THEREON
MINE TO RUN MY COMMUTERS THERE THROUGH
MINE TO MOVE JOBS THERE FROM
MINE TO BUILD B-1
BOMBERS AT THE EXPENSE
THERE TO

COLONIZE



JULY-AUGUST 1976 VOL VII NR 7 ONE DOLLAR

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THE SHOPPERS GUIDE TO LIFE INSURANCE, AUTO INSURANCE, HOMEOWNERS INSURANCE, DOCTORS, DENTISTS, LAWYERS, PENSIONS, ETC. By Herbert Dennenberg, the progressive former commissioner of the Pennsylvania Insurance Department. Essential information. \$3.50

COHABITATION HANDBOOK. Spells out the problems for new life-style persons living with the establishment and how to deal with them. State-by-state rundown on variations in the law. \$3.95.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING. A basic textbook on how to get the story behind the story. How to do research, writing and get the story published. \$3.95

NEW YORK TIMES GUIDE TO SIMPLE HOME REPAIRS. At today's prices, this book costs about 5 minutes of one plumber's time. \$2.95

ZIP CODE DIRECTORY. Nationwide zips; \$2.95

HOW TO KEEP YOUR VW ALIVE. This is an alternative publishing classic that could save you a lot of money. \$7.50

FIXING CARS: A PEOPLE'S PRIMER. How to do it, how a car works, tools to use and lots more. Save one trip to the shop and you've more that paid for this fine book. \$5.

OLD HOUSE JOURNAL BUYERS GUIDE. The Old House Journal is a publication for people who live in old house. This is their guide to more than 200 hard-to-find items useful for restoring the maintaining old houses. \$5.50.

TOLL FREE DIGEST. Hundreds of toll free numbers you can call for every thing from aerial maps to Weight Watchers. \$2.

THE WOMANLY ART OF BREASTFEEDING. Published by the La Leche League and the basic book on this subject. \$3.

FICTION & POETRY

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE. \$1.25

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS. \$1.75

FEAR OF FLYING. Erica Jong. \$1.95

TIGHTENING THE CIRCLE OVER EEL COUNTRY. A book of poems by one of Washington's leading poets, E. Ritchie. \$3.75

PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK. \$1.95

WATERSHIP DOWN. \$2.25

HOW WRITING IS WRITTEN. Previously uncollected writings of Gertrude Stein. Essays on a variety of subjects from America to money. \$4.00

ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE. \$2.25

THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRUCE: \$1.75

ABOUT THE BOOKSHELF
The Gazette Bookshelf consists of selected books that we believe will interest our readers. We have tried to avoid the trendy and the trashy and provide you with a book list that you will find helpful. The following books are listed for the first time this month:

New York Times Guide to Simple Home Repairs. \$2.95

Zip Code Directory: \$2.95

How to Keep Your VW Alive. \$7.50

Washington Star Garden Book. \$3.95

Successful Gardening in the Greater Washington Area \$2

New York Times Book of House Plants \$5.95

Small is Beautiful: \$4.45

Touching DC: \$5.25

A Guide to the Architecture of Washington DC (Restocked item) \$5.95

Guide to the Outdoor Sculpture of Washington DC. \$7.15

A Child's Garden of Sculpture. \$2.50

City ABC's: \$5.50

Bodies: \$5.95

About Handicaps: \$5.95

About Dying: \$5.95

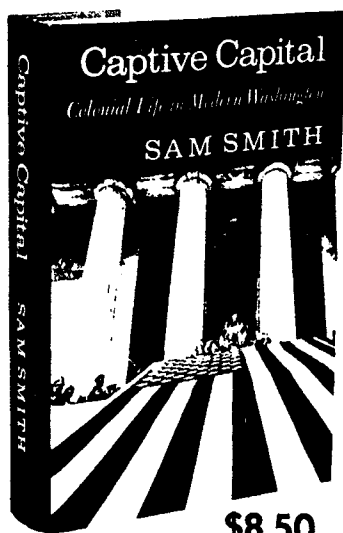
How Do They Build It? \$4.95

Mommies At Work. \$5.79

In the Night Kitchen \$5.95

Hi, Cat! \$1.25

The Red Balloon. \$5.95



\$8.50

Captive Capital

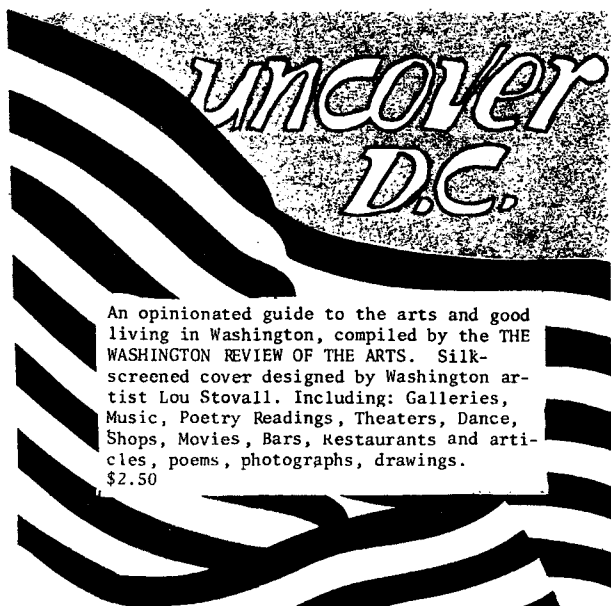
*Colonial Life
in Modern Washington*

Here's what people have been saying about Gazette editor Sam Smith's book about local Washington:

Could be an excellent gift for any friend just moving to town. Or any friend who has managed to live here for sometime without learning anything about Washington. . . . Sam Smith's is one of the few efforts I have seen that manages to deal with black people and white people without insulting either." — WILLIAM RASPBERRY, WASHINGTON POST

It is absolutely 'must' reading for all who are interested in this city's history, its political or private life — JAMES TINNEY, WASHINGTON AFRO-AMERICAN

Smith's book is a joy to read — ROBERT CASSIDY, CHICAGO TRIBUNE



An opinionated guide to the arts and good living in Washington, compiled by the THE WASHINGTON REVIEW OF THE ARTS. Silk-screened cover designed by Washington artist Lou Stovall. Including: Galleries, Music, Poetry Readings, Theaters, Dance, Shops, Movies, Bars, Restaurants and articles, poems, photographs, drawings. \$2.50

THROUGH DC BY BUS



THROUGH DC BY BUS: A GUIDE TO THE BEST BUS ROUTES IN TOWN is a unique guide that shows in clear maps where the most useful bus routes go in DC. Listed are those routes that provide frequent all-day service within the city. The guide maps are done on a section by section basis. Opposite each section map is another map showing where the bus routes go after leaving that section. In addition, the guide contains maps of the individual routes, a guide to which routes cross which other routes, and a list of local points of interest with the bus routes that serve them. This guide is a must for anyone who rides the buses or who has thought about riding them but doesn't know how. Save gas and taxi fares! Ride the bus with the aid of the Gazette Bus Guide. Only \$2 plus tax.

TIGHTENING THE CIRCLE OVER EEL COUNTRY
by Elissavietta Ritchie
Collection of contemporary verse. "Elissavietta Ritchie's poetry has vitality, wit, sadness and enormous gusto," wrote Josephine Jacobsen, Consultant-in-Poetry to Library of Congress, 1971-73. "(Her) work combines byzantine elegance with straight forward plain style honesty," writes William Packard, (editor, *New York Quarterly*). "The extraordinary range of her interests—work, love, sensuality, and man's plight in a forlorn civilization—is reinforced by her exquisite regard for language and a lively fascination with the possibilities of form." — *NYQ*



WHAT IF? a delightful, educational, ecology-minded coloring book by local artist and printmaker Di Stovall. Perfect for your child. \$1.50

FIXING CARS A PEOPLE'S PRIMER

Rick Greenspan, Lowell Turner, Ann Wagner, et. al.

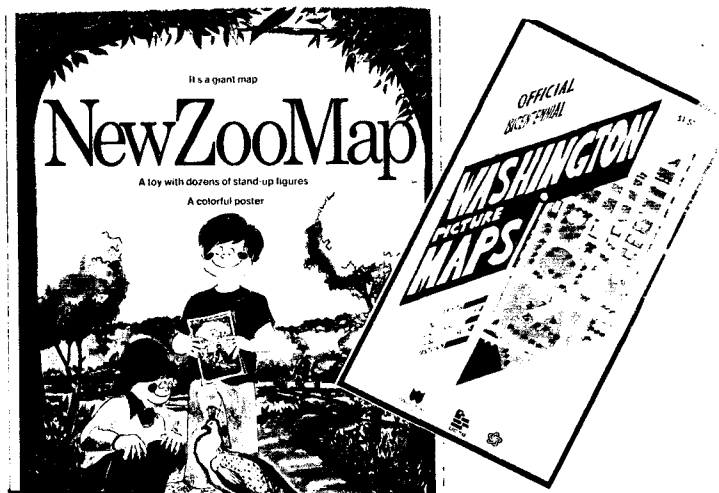
FIXING CARS will tell you "how-to" and a whole lot more. The people who wrote it learned the hard way themselves and then set out to share the experience. After an informative introduction there is an in depth discussion of Woman and Cars. Next, "The Politics of Cars," which pulls together such things as auto history, planned obsolescence, auto companies, advertising and culture, and a bibliography.

And now the crunch. Section three—How a Car Works. This chapter covers a car system by system, step-by-step and is clearly explained and illustrated. There is also

a chapter on "Tools"—what they are, what they do, what you need. Right down the line—each section complete—what you need to know, told straight and told well.

The style and format of FIXING CARS is reminiscent of John Muir's HOW TO KEEP YOUR VOLKSWAGEN ALIVE—and, while not as technical as the VW book, it may prove as valuable a tool for the inexperienced mechanic.

\$5.00



Ten years behind the masthead

With this issue the Gazette begins its eleventh year of publication. It began as the Capitol East Gazette in August 1966 — a four page monthly five inches wide and eight inches deep. In December 1969 the DC Gazette was started. It absorbed the Capitol East Gazette a few months later.

So this is our tenth anniversary and one is tempted to ask, as Jerry Brown did the other day after visiting a Maryland trash dump, "What is the inner meaning of all this?" For a time, earlier this year, I thought I would attempt an answer at some length, filling the pages of this anniversary edition with recycled reports on the momentous issues of yesteryear; luxuriating in the Gazette's occasional prescience; remembering dreams deferred, promises unfulfilled and goals unachieved; recalling old battles — neatly packaging the past decade in a Time-style essay in which history is transistorized and weighs less than four ounces.

The problem with the past, however, is that it is only slightly more comprehensible than the present and reading old newspapers is a flawed way to figure it all out. Not that they don't help, but journalism is to thought and understanding as the indictment is to the trial, the hypothesis to the proof, the estimate to the audit. It is the first cry for help, the hand groping in the dark for the light switch, the returns before the outlying precincts have been heard from.

The individual pieces rarely stand on their own for long. It is only when they are piled up day after day, week after week, month after month, that they serve the

past as well as the present. We don't have space for that and if you really want it it's on microfilm.

Besides, after a decade of attempting -- often without success -- to interest readers in contemporary alarms, I'm skeptical as to whether there is any great demand for refried journalistic beans. But this is not only the tenth anniversary of the Gazette, but our national bicentennial and this month in particular retrospection is in great vogue. The Gazette bucks the tide of events only so far. So this issue, like everyone else, we offer you the past, but in the most palatable form we could find.

Harold Ross had a great dictum for his writers at the New Yorker: if you can't be funny be interesting. Flipping through the back issues of the Gazette, the thing that made our eye stop were the cartoons, graphics, one-liners and off-beat articles. The filler material had retained at least some of its appeal while much of the substance had drifted off into irrelevancy or tedium. The interesting, it turned out, was the funny.

So the Gazette celebrates its tenth anniversary and the bicentennial by commencing a temporary detente with public officialdom, a moratorium on present concerns, a truce with Now, and offers a scrapbook of trivia, laughs and pictures from the past. No cohesion is intended or implied and readers finding serious import behind this effort do so at their own risk.

--SAM SMITH

Unindicted co-conspirators

Some of the people who, in important ways, made the past ten years possible:

DAVID MALLORY • ED GORDON • BOB BOYNTON • MR AND
MRS LMC SMITH • KATHY SMITH • HOWARD PLATT • BILL PIN-
KERTON • JOE PHIPPS • BOB ROBINSON • SID YUDAIN • MAR-
ION BARRY • JULIUS HOBSON • CHUCK STONE • HUGH HAYNIE
• TRIS COFFIN • CHARLIE McDOWELL • JIM GOLDSMITH •
ROLAND FREEMAN • JEAN LEWTON • CARL BERGMAN • VAL LEW-
TON • GREG LIPSCOMB • SALLY CROWELL • LARRY CUBAN •
CRIS WITTENBERG • JOEL SIEGEL • TOM SHALES • ERBIN
CROWELL • ANDREA DEAN • JOHN WIEBENSON • MARCIA FELD-
MAN • JIM SMITH • RON COBB • TONY AUTH • MIKE BELL •
GREN WHITMAN • JIM RAMSEY • MITCH RATNER • ED MERRITT
• RICHARD KING • PATTI GRIFFITH • ROD FRENCH • BEAU
BALL • JOHN CRANFORD • RON LINTON • JEFF MALETTA •
JIM RIDGEWAY • MARILYN LEIBRENZ • DANIEL PIEROTTI •
BOB SMITH • ROB CASSIDY • NAN NIBLOCK • SAM DARCY •
DAVID PARIS • ANTON WOOD • ANNE CHASE • LORELEI • JOHN
PERTS • LARRY SMITH • JOE TOLLIVER • LEON DUNBAR • CHRIS
LEWTON • JOHN GALLMAN • BILL RASPBERRY • MIMI UPMAYER

Where are they now?

Many people have contributed to the Gazette (and its predecessor publication, the Idler) over the years. We've lost touch with some, but thought you might be interested in what various of our contributors are up to these days:

Former associate editor Jean Lewton is editor of the Washington Review of the Arts.

Kathy Smith is working on a curriculum in DC history for the local public schools.

Larry Cuban is superintendent of schools for Arlington County.

Roland Freeman is freelancing for an amazing variety of publications.

Former associate editor Carl Bergman is now assistant city auditor.

Cris Wittenberg is with the Washington Review of the Arts.

Joel Siegel moved on to the Washingtonian and then to Newsworks.

Tom Shales writes for the Style section of the Washington Post.

Sally Crowell is director of the Capitol Hill Arts Workshop.

Former associate editor Andrea Dean is with the AIA Journal.

John Wiebenson is an architect and contributes Arch-horse.

Chuck Stone, former editor of the Afro-American, who has been a constant source of encouragement, is now with the Philadelphia Daily News and has a nationally syndicated column.

Charlie McDowell, who supplied columns and optimism from the earliest days, is still with the Richmond Post-Dispatch.

Hugh Haynie, another pro who let us use his material until the Post bought the rights, is still drawing funny cartoons at the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Marcia Feldman writes for the Washingtonian.

Jo Tartt is minister of Grace Church and an increasingly prominent photographer.

Dorothy McGhee runs Newsworks.

Ron Cobb is drawing cartoons again, now for the Los Angeles Free Press.

Mike Bell teaches at the University of Colorado.

Tony Auth is the prize-winning cartoonist of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gren Whitman recently ran for city council in Baltimore.

Val Lewton is a painter who also works at the National Collection of Fine Arts.

Ed Merritt is at WAMU.

Richard King is the author of several books and teaches at FCC.

Patti Griffith is with the Washington Review of the Arts.

John Cranford is with Higher Education Daily.

Armando Rendon is one of the new trustees of the University of DC.

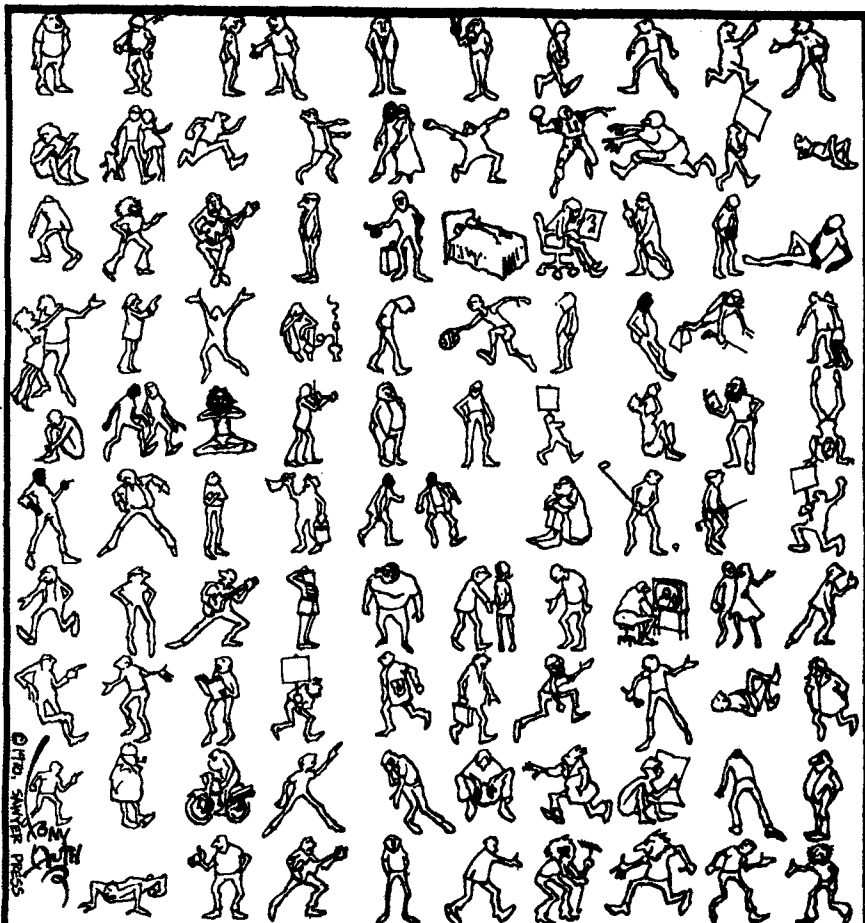
Jeff Maletta works for Gilbert Gude.

Jim Ridgeway writes for the Village Voice and edits The Elements.

(Please turn to page 5)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

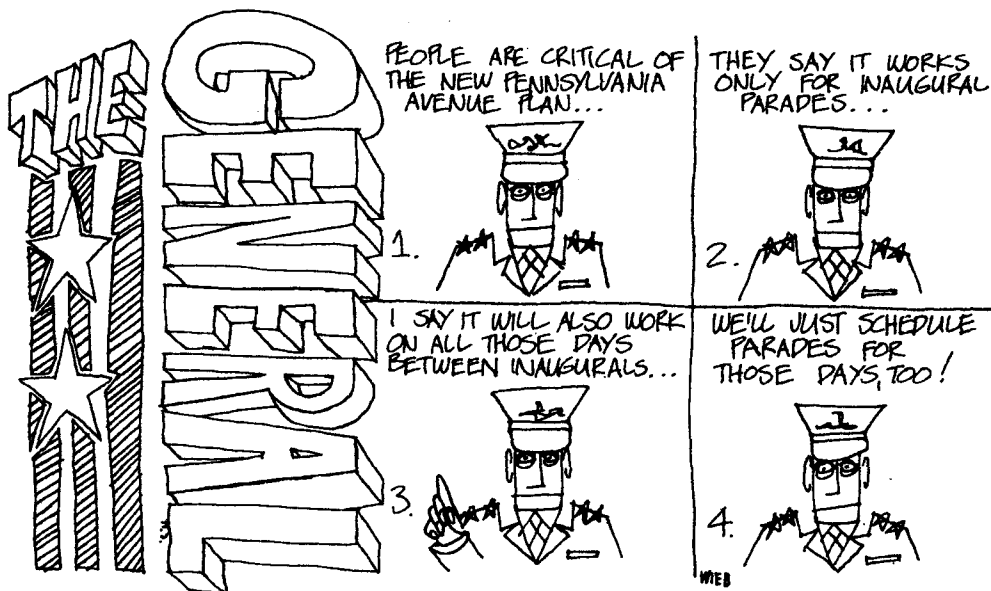
Rob Cassidy edits Planning Magazine.
Eric Green works for Senator Vance Hartke.
Anton Wood has run for delegate and for school board and is chairperson of the Near NE Neighborhood Commission.
Anne Chase is with the Peoples Bicentennial Commission.
Jim Sterba is with the New York Times.
Larry Smith is with Citibank.
Mimi Upmeyer is with the DC Gazette and about to have a baby.



News item: One hundred GI deaths per week in Vietnam is considered an acceptable level by the Administration.



darby holmes
Second City/LNS

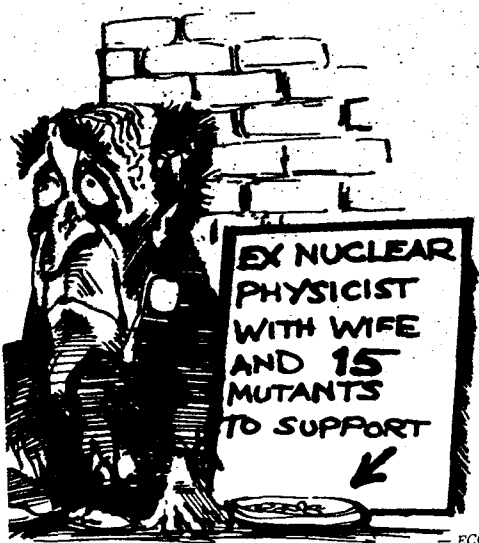
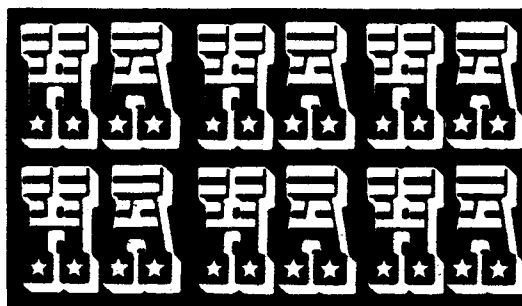


An astounding fact uncovered by Mark Russell: The Mayflower was never new.



HEADLINE OF THE MONTH

MORTON BACKS VIETNAM POLICY
AT SOIL CONSERVATION MEETING
—Caroline, Md., County Record
Oh, so that's why we're there.



— ECO

HALF GETTING THERE IS THE FUN

Each day it seems a little tougher
As railroads make their riders suffer,
As bombs are set to freedom buses,
And traffic jams slow exoduses,
As planes are hi-jacked to Havana,
To get back home to Indiana.

DC GAZETTE

1739 Connecticut Ave NW (#2)
DC 20009
232-5544

THE DC GAZETTE is published monthly except during the summer. We welcome short articles, letters and announcements. Our deadline is the second Tuesday of the month, except for ads and announcements, which should be submitted by the third Tuesday. The Gazette is available by mail for \$6 a year. Single copies: 50¢. Special discounts for bulk copies. The Gazette is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate.

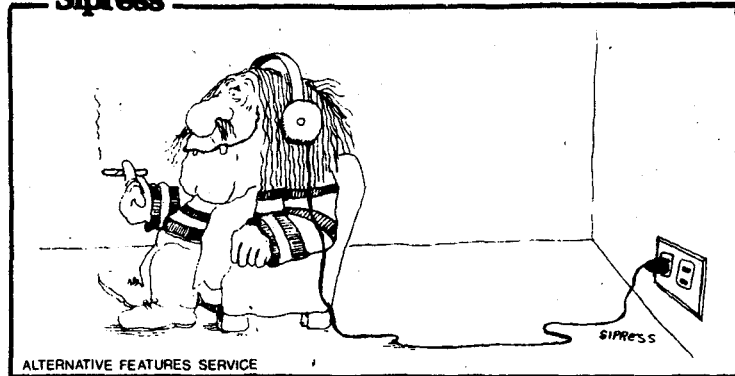
EDITOR: Sam Smith
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Anton Wood,
Anne Chase
CARTOONIST: John Wiebenson

At the Cherry Blossom Festival Ball,
Walter Washington stood on the stage
with Attorney General Mitchell and
described the
affair as
'one of
America's
finest hours.'

And now on
to some
more
mundane
matters...



Sipress

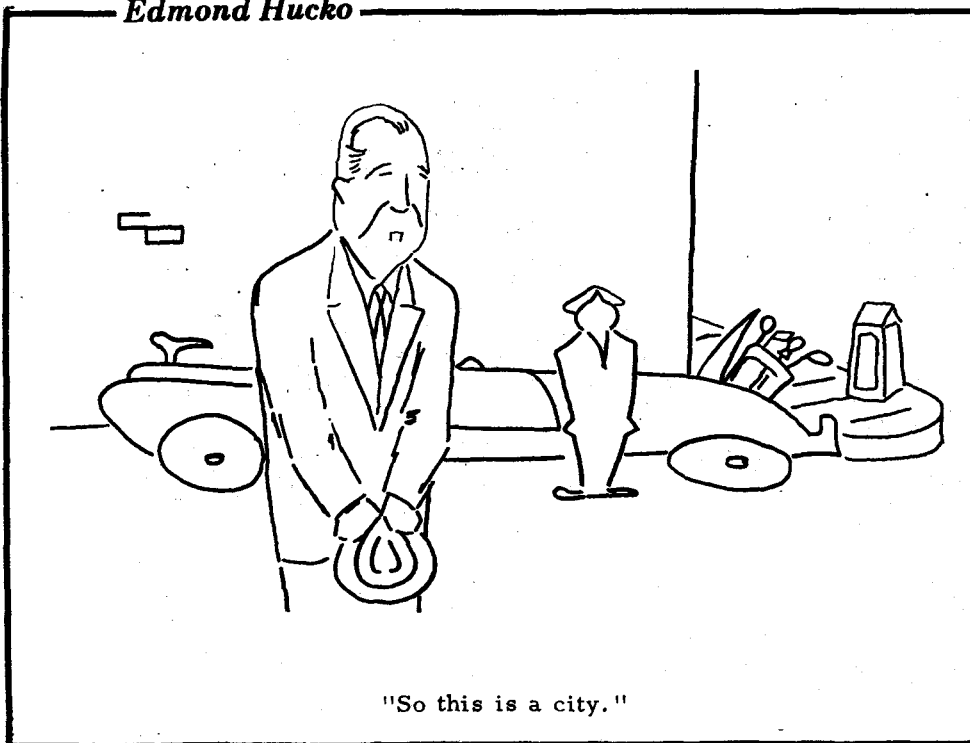


Turning on our radio the other
day, we found ourselves in the mid-
dle of the following interview:

Q. "What's your next step in the
impeachment of Earl Warren?"

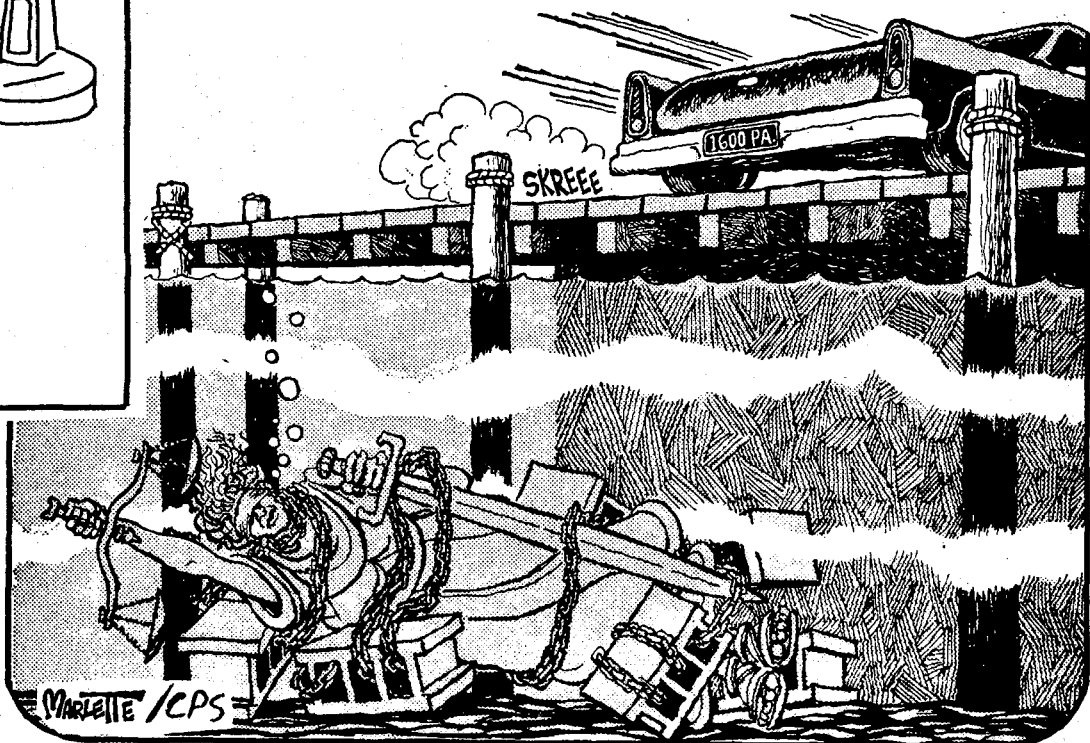
A. "Our big problem is apathy."

Edmond Hucko



PAVANE FOR A DEAD ADMINISTRATION

Between now and next January,
As Republicans sternly glower,
Let's pause in our day's occupation
For the end of the Eisenhower.



Classifieds

Classified ads are \$1 for the first 20 words and 5¢ for each additional word. Payment must be enclosed with ad. Deadline: Third Tuesday of the month. Send to DC Gazette, 1739 Conn. Ave. NW (#2) DC 20009

SWINGERS: How's your love life? Discreet, personal introductions. Couples, singles everywhere. Plāmates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 717-845-1635.

EXOTIC SPINACH DISH from Africa. Delicious — Superb. Recipe package plus instructions: \$2, addressed stamped envelope. DEPENDABLE, 2829 Conn. Ave. NW WASHINGTON DC 20008

F, 23, seeks coop house. Capitol Hill or Dupont Circle area, for September occupancy. Simple lifestyle, politically committed companionship; prefer kosher or vegetarian; under \$180. Seeking to get to know potential housemates early. Deborah 9-5, 543-1126

"FIGHT THE FOOD TAX"



1825 Columbia Road, N.W.

HOURS: 10 - 7 462-5150

THE ORGANIC STORE IN TOWN
Medicinal & Beverage Herbal Teas,
Grains, Produce, Vitamins, Juices &
Juicers, Books, Shampoos, Honey, Oils,
Granola

— OVER TWO HUNDRED BULK ITEMS —
CHECK OUR WEEKLY SPECIAL AND SALES

VEGETABLE GARDENS

Roto Tilling

Ph Tests Fertilizing

BLOSSOM 543-0448

WORDEN ROBINSON ART POTTERY

SALES • KILNS • WHEELS • GLAZE MATERIALS
Plus Our Special Clay Body
AC-703-987-8625

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Made to Order

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Folger Apartments

ON - THE - PARK
One bedroom, efficiencies and studios
411 2nd St. SE 765-2625

PLAY IT SAFE

(Use natural gas wisely)

Your gas furnace and water heater must be properly vented to the outside of the building. Keep the area near your furnace free of paints, solvents, papers, rags and other combustibles.

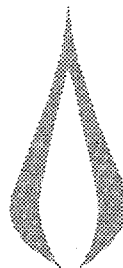
Inspect your chimney and flue pipe to make sure they are in good condition and provide a good draft. A clogged chimney is a hazard.

Never allow an addition to be built on your home without first being sure no gas lines are underneath.

If you smell gas, call Washington Gas immediately at 750-1000 even if you do not use gas in your own home. Leakage can be dangerous and should be dealt with promptly by experts.

If the odor is very strong and you are indoors, open windows and doors to ventilate. Go outside. Call us from a neighbor's house.

Do not turn any electrical switches on or off. And do not light matches, smoke cigarettes or create any source of combustion.



Washington Gas

WASHINGTON GAS LIGHT COMPANY

76-3

BOHEM
SKYLIGHTS

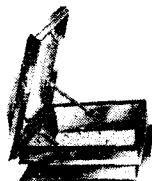
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Complete Equal To Capability

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Phone: 543-9328



Mr. Har Lee invites you to celebrate 40 years of dedication to Chinese clubs, restaurants & carryouts by trying his steak kew dinner.

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PRICE SALE
Chicken Cantonese
Style with rice

Regular order: \$1.50
Large order: \$2.90

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TRY THE DC GAZETTE FOR A FULL YEAR AT THE SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE OF ONLY THREE DOLLARS. USE THE COUPON BELOW (Note: not good for renewals)

DC Gazette
1739 Conn. NW #2, DC 20009

Please send me a year's introductory subscription to the Gazette. I enclose \$3.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

zip _____

REC. DEPT. NEWSLETTER

Washington Daily News Tally

Crime Clock . . .

Washington Daily News tally of
most of them
District

10:45 a.m.: Three Negro gunmen entered the Armory Liquor Store, 126 15th-st se and took an undetermined amount of money from owner Morris Gottlieb, 49, white.

2 p.m.: James Zagami, 65, white, was in his grocery store at 7510 Georgia-av nw when a Negro gunman robbed him of \$75.

3 p.m.: Raymond Wilson, 51, white, was in Connecticut and Rhode I. avenues n

3:45 p.m.: Two Negro men jumped into the cab of a beer truck which had stopped for a traffic light at South Dakota and Rhode Island avenues and took \$150 from driver John Sweeney at gunpoint. Brown, 26, white, married, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, black hair, good teeth.

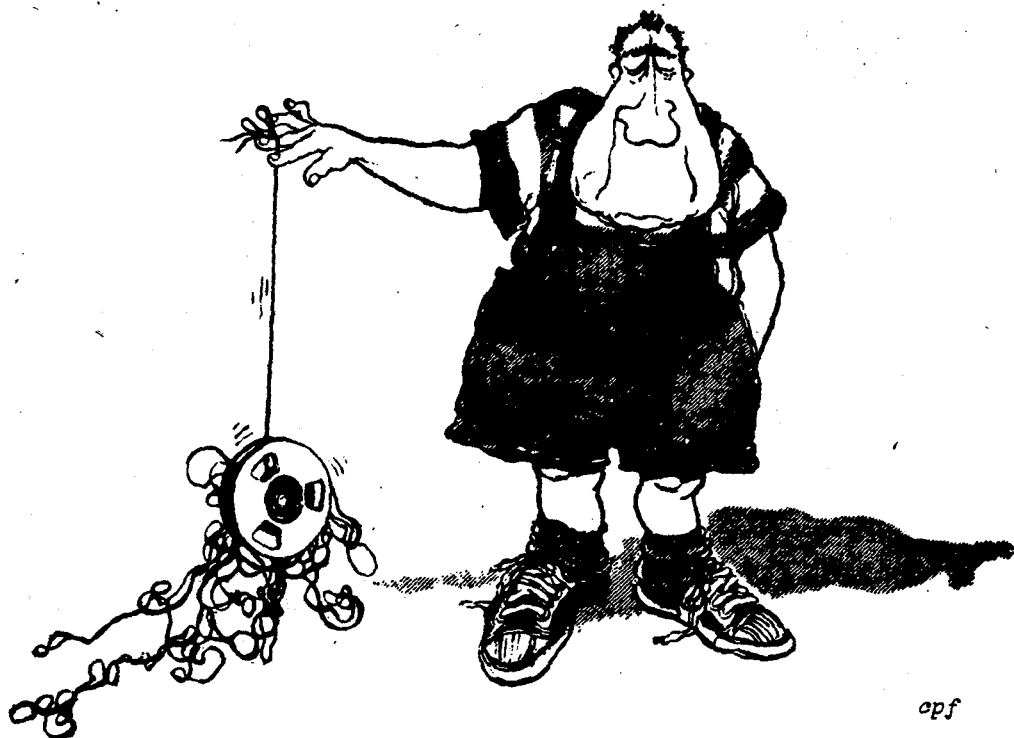
Brown, 26, white, married, good U.S. citizen.

Brown, 26, white, married.

4 p.m.: James Brown, 1604 Good

McDonough said two Negro registrars were

THE GAZETTE presents its first
Some of My Best Friends Award
to the editors of the Daily News
for so succes fully turning back
the hands of time with their
daily "Crime Clock."



cpf

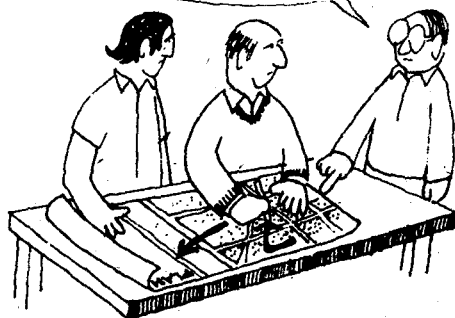


"I LEAVE THE BEER CANS AROUND TO REASSURE MY FOLKS—
THEY'D FREAK OUT IF THEY SUSPECTED I WAS DOIN' DOPE!"

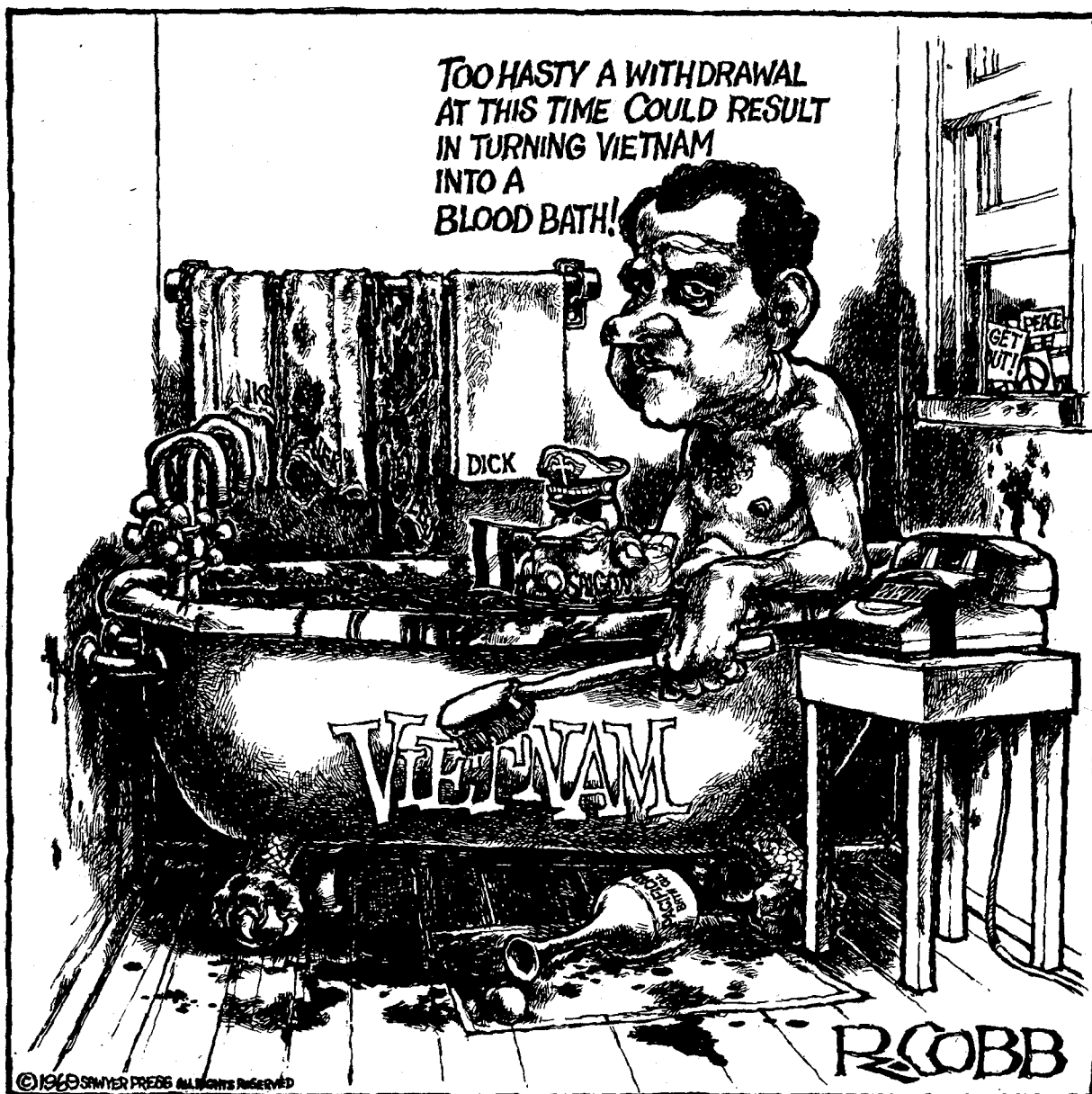
Getting about on metrobus



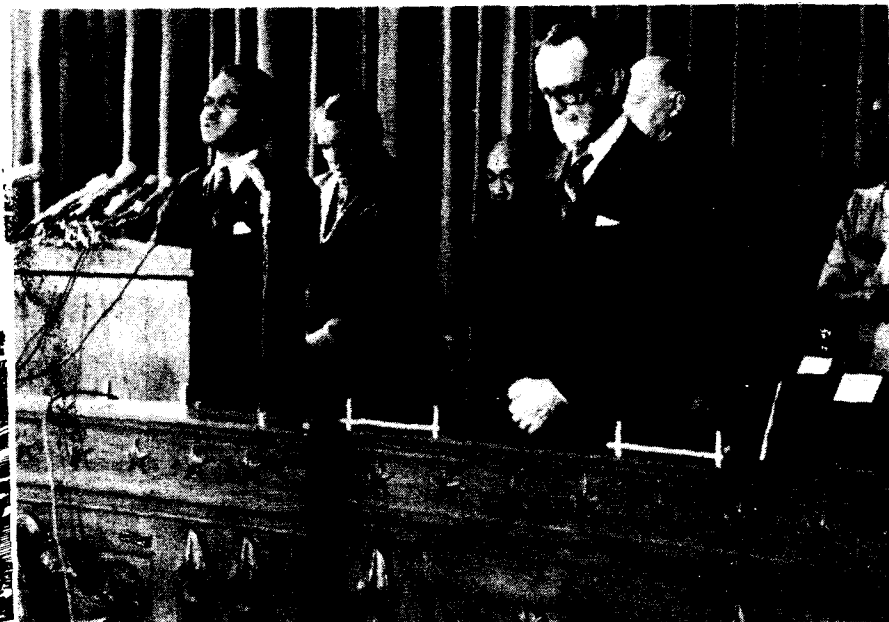
CAN'T WE LET **THEM** STAY?
-THEY'RE THE LAST RESIDENTS
IN THE CITY!



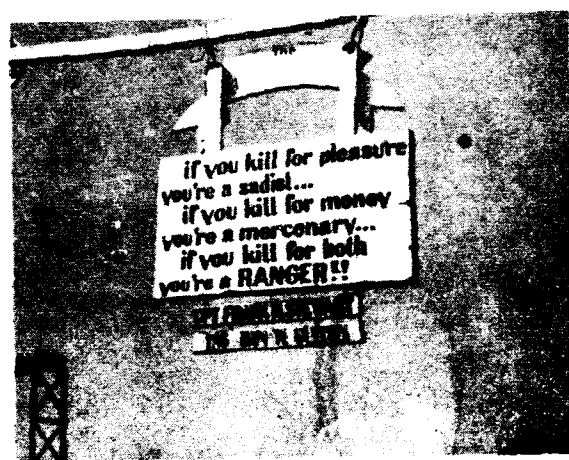
**TOO HASTY A WITHDRAWAL
AT THIS TIME COULD RESULT
IN TURNING VIETNAM
INTO A
BLOOD BATH!**



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THANK YOU, LORD, FOR GIVING THE DISTRICT COMMITTEE
CHARLES DIGGS — Rev. Walter Fauntroy



LNS

FILMMAKERS: Independent studio offers beginners innovative study program with professional project involvement. NEA, NYSCA granted. Atelier, Box 70, Hoosick Falls, NY 12090

Books for Kids

- () A CHILD'S GARDEN OF SCULPTURE. A fine introduction to sculpture, using the works of the Hirshorn as examples. \$2.50.
- () GOOD NIGHT MOON: One of our favorite children's books. Wonderful for getting the under six crowd quieted down before bedtime. \$3.95
- () THE GIVING TREE: A lovely, illustrated fable for children by Shel Silverstein. First published in 1964 and now a classic. \$3.95
- () WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE: Another of our favorites. Story and pictures by Maurice Sendak. \$4.95
- () STUART LITTLE AND CHARLOTTE'S WEB. E.B. White's great tales. \$1.25 each.
- () A GUIDE TO NON-SEXIST CHILDREN'S BOOKS: More than 400 annotated listings of non-sexist children's books. \$3.95
- () 100 FAVORITE FOLK TALES: "If you buy only one fairytale book a year, buy this." -- New York Times. \$5.95
- () WHAT IF: A delightful, educational, ecology-minded coloring book by DC artist Di Stovall. Great for your child. \$1.50
- () CITY ABC'S: "The book is refreshing because the scenes are real and the people are interracial. . . . especially good for the urban child." Interracial Books for Children. \$5.50
- () BODIES: "This is an excellent introduction to a difficult subject for children." -- Social Change Advocates. \$5.95
- () ABOUT HANDICAPS: A photo book for children 4-8 that deals with handicaps in a frank, moving helpful way. \$5.95
- () ABOUT DYING: A photo book that deals with both the reality and the child's reaction. \$5.95
- () HOW DO THEY BUILD IT? Explains to younger children how roads, boats, rockets, oil wells and other things are made. \$4.95
- () MOMMIES AT WORK: A picture and word book for the young child that shows what mothers do other than "find mittens that are lost." \$5.79
- () IN THE NIGHT KITCHEN: Maurice Sendak's classic. \$5.95
- () HI, CAT! A delightful tale by Ezra Jack Keats. \$1.25
- () THE RED BALLOON: We never tire of reading this photo book of a boy and his red balloon. \$5.95

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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
ZIP _____

What's a Uniroyal?

FOR SOME TIME NOW philological experts in the United States, Great Britain and Southeast Asia have been following with interest the curious and expensive effort of a major American corporation to explain in lay language the answer to that recurrent query of history: What's a Uniroyal?

A recent full page advertisement in the *New Yorker*, for example, shows a gentleman at the stake, about to be dispatched to his presumably just reward, being asked, "Do you have any last words?" He replies, "What's a Uniroyal?"

The copy goes on to explain that Uniroyal is the new world-wide trademark of the U.S. Rubber Co. This is easy enough to accept. If the U.S. Rubber Co. wishes to call itself Uniroyal, Multiroyal, Oligarchy Inc., or Interubco, that's its business.

But Uniroyal, nee U.S. Rubber Co., is not content to merely announce the change. Nor is it willing, in the manner of Cities Service (now known as Citgo), to blame it all on a computer. Someone in that citadel of elasticity (or in the advertising agency attached thereto) has determined that the American public should become convinced of the infinite logic of the switch.

Also, I suspect, U.S. Rubber is trying to impress its new name into our consciousness. How successful they will be remains to be seen.

The Royirub ad asks: "What's wrong with the good old-fashioned name of U.S. Rubber?"

The answer, it turns out, is that Rubberoy has been neither old-fashioned, nor exclusively U.S. nor exclusively rubber for a very long time. We are invited to take a look at some of the exciting non-rubber products that U.S. Royal makes, to wit:

—"A thermoplastic for auto and truck bodies which is not only harder to dent than steel but, if dented, pops back as good as new under heat."

—"Sexy Eskiloo boots for the ladies and Keds, the famous line of soft, colorful family shoes that are as easy to look at as they are to wear."

—"A smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers."

As the Unirub ad put it, "Now you can see why we had to change our company's trademark — we needed a new trademark to better suit our



derring-do." Several choices occur to me as being more symbolic of the derring-do of such a fearlessly diversified, as-easy-to-look-at-as-to-invest-in corporation: Almalgated Nodent; The Sexy Weedless Thermorubber Co.; or Eskisex International. But I am not expert in such matters and I suppose the people at Rubiroyal know what they're doing. I would just have been happier if I knew the company made either unies or royals. It would seem to make more sense. But then some guy at the stake would probably want to know, "What's a uni?"

In time, thanks to the wonderful educative effects of advertising, I am certain that I shall learn the company's new name and then will only wonder how they ever got along without it. At present, however, U.S. Rubber appears to be stretching its point.

License renewal time

The longest line. . .

ERIC GREEN

ON March 31, as I walked over a Metro bomb-shelter, I saw the line. One thousand or more bedraggled, grizzled, cigarette smoking, windblown procrastinators staring intently at the door of the Department of Motor Vehicles in the 400 block of C Street, Northwest. Why, I began asking, did you wait until the deadline to buy your car license?

"I didn't have the money."

"I didn't have time."

"I work. I couldn't take off."

"I couldn't pay my tickets by mail."

"Why are you asking me that?"

"I'm here for my husband. He's supposed to be here. When I see him, he's going to get it. I do this every year. . ."

For some, standing two blocks away on Sixth Street, the DMV office was out of sight. And for a few, out of mind.

"Look man, I'm not worried about waiting. I have good times here. I got my bottle of spirits and we're all fine now."

Most in the line were resigned, even though the wait would be long, five hours or more. Every few minutes, hope returned. Eyes widened, talking ceased and feet inched another yard closer to the door. The door opens and another three people are allowed inside.

Some couldn't stand the wait. A young woman jumped out of line and ran to the policeman at the door. She ripped off her green sunglasses and threw her newspaper to the ground.

"Why should I wait here," she yelled. "If you just let me inside, I'll be finished in a minute. Don't you think it's silly for me to stand here?"

"Yes ma'am," mumbled the cop.

"I couldn't come before today. I found out I have parking tickets. I let close strangers drive my car and they're the ones who get my tickets. They don't tell me about it though. Besides, I just got divorced so I have to change my name again. Now, tell me, is this my fault?"

A distinguished looking professorial type complained: "I don't why I'm here. I never received my application for a new license. These crums here lost it."

Explained a woman from Southeast: "The police department just found two unpaid tickets from '68 and '69. I can't buy new plates until those tickets are paid."

"I knew the judgement day was coming," said another waiter. "I paid my tickets but the police don't believe me. Who runs this place anyway?"

Joseph Murphy, head of DMV is puzzled, too. "If those persons standing in line outside would listen, there wouldn't be any lines. Where were those people last week?"

Murphy says his office is not to blame for the long lines. The people in line are the responsibility of the police department. Before anyone in the District can renew his license, he must receive police clearance.

As Murphy explained, an old man came in, hat in hand, insisting that he had paid for his tickets. He was not allowed to renew.

"That's the police department. That's the police," Murphy said. "We only give out tag applications here. You can't buy tags until the police clear you."

The old man walked out shaking his head. "I paid, I paid, I ain't gonna stand in no line."

Murphy said no confusion should exist. He explained that many ads on radio and in the newspapers warned that the main office would be closed after March 31. Three branch offices, however, would remain open until midnight April 1.

Even Murphy's secretary was confused.

"Mr. Murphy, how's anyone going to know what that means? Everyone's still going to think the office here will be open. Besides, not everyone reads the paper or has a radio."

Murphy turned to another five people demanding their plates. "You must have a ticket. That's a police matter."

I walked out of the office as Murphy's secretary opened the window to relieve the stagnant, hot air in the room.

I passed a young man in overalls and asked my question again.

"I'm a hard-core repeater. I'll be back here next year. Where else can I find so many people who are just as lazy as me. It restores my faith in humanity. I like it."



Tastee Freez Ban Removed By SEC

"The ban on trading in the stock of Tastee Freez Industries, Inc., will be lifted by the (Securities and Exchange) commission on Tuesday."

—New York Times

The SEC's
Tastee Freez
Ban has been removed.

They're trading shares
In tasty wares
The way has now been smoothed.

The assets frozen
Can be chosen
Their sale no longer halted.

So broker, please,
Buy Tastee Freez
And sell my double malted.

"You must never try to really understand Walter Lippmann. It's beyond us Republicans. I've read his books and his articles and from a political standpoint, I find him confusing."

—Senator George Murphy in a speech to a GOP women's club.

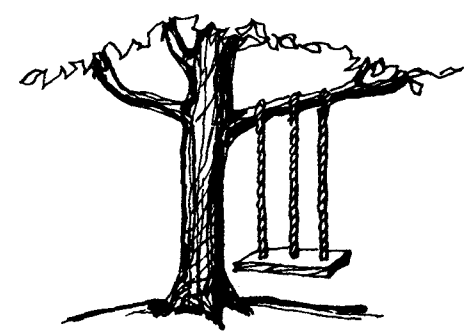
Dr. Mungai said the government had discovered that there was a rumor factory somewhere in the country and the police were looking for this factory.

—Kenya radio

You take the road to the hate-mill and turn left.



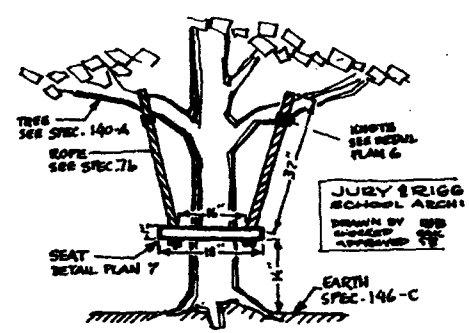
AS TEACHERS REQUESTED IT



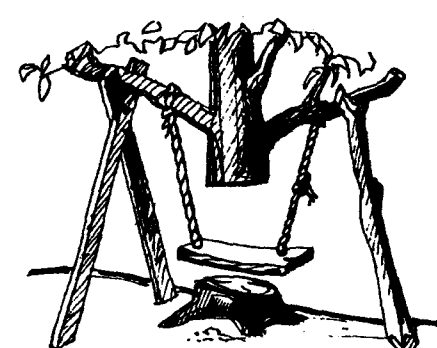
AS PRINCIPALS ORDERED IT



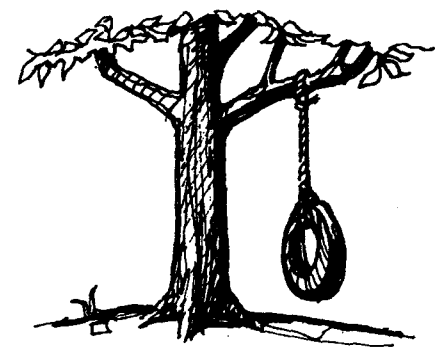
AS CENTRAL OFFICE DESIGNED IT



AS BOARD OF EDUCATION APPROVED IT



AS MAINTENANCE INSTALLED IT



WHAT THE STUDENTS WANTED

(C) THE TEACHER PAPER



"And to You—the Class of 1967—a Whole New World Awaits as You Pass These Portals of Academe"

DON MACLEAN, A COLUMNIST for the *Washington Daily News*, showed considerably ingenuity during Washington's recent blizzard. He had to get to work; his car didn't have snow tires; and the cabs were running with delays of an hour or more. So he called up a liquor store, had them deliver a fifth to his house, then rode downtown with the deliveryman. Getting home was just as simple. He telephoned Chik-N-Bucket, located near his house, ordered two chicken dinners and had them delivered to the *News*. Then he rode home with the deliveryman.

One of our operatives tells us of the folksinger in Dupont Circle who was interrupted in his musical endeavors by a small boy who came up and twisted one of his guitar tuning pegs. The guitarist chased the youngster down Connecticut Avenue with great agitation, crying, "Stop, kid, stop. I won't hurt you. Just tell me which one you turned!"



WM JOHNSON
M73/ALTERNATIVE FEATURES SERVICE



PROVERBS FOR OUR TIME

A PENNY SAVED is not much really.

AN APPLE A DAY keeps the doctor from having to remind you that he doesn't make house calls.

STICKS AND STONES may break my bones but Kung Fu is even worse.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER of a committee to consider hiring a consultant.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY keeps Jack away from the country club where he could make some important contacts.

A BIRD IN HAND is hardly worth the hassle with the ecologists in the bush.

VIRTUE is its own problem.

A STITCH IN TIME is not necessarily good for the economy.

IF AT FIRST you don't succeed, try Dale Carnegie or dye your hair.

MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE A SAV-
AGE BREAST and might even facilitate the homework, but it's too loud, dammit.

A ROLLING STONE looks very mossy to me.

EARLY TO BED and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy, at least sometimes, but almost always makes him a little self-righteous.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE there might be pot.

THE EARLY BIRD gets to test the DDT content of today's worms.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES tend to like contemporary art, foreign cars, large dogs, the word "creative" and curtains.

A FOOL RETURNETH TO HIS FOLLY and, often, to public office.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH if you can figure out what you are talking about.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS at you ruefully because you apparently don't understand the gravity of the situation.

— CHARLES McDOWELL JR.
Richmond Times Dispatch

McLEAN GARDENS NEWS

NEWS FROM THE McLEAN GARDENS RESIDENTS ASSN.

During the past few months, rumors have been circulating about the location of a temporary Post Office to replace the Friendship Heights station while it is under construction. In late May, the McLean Gardens Residents' Association was informed that the site selected was the McLean Gardens Administration Building on Porter Street, and that the Post Office and CBI-Fairmac, who owns the Gardens, had completed their negotiations. The Post Office would occupy the building by September 1 when construction begins on the new Friendship Heights station.

As the plan stands, the Post Office will purchase the building but lease the land from Fairmac for two years. At the end of the two years, they will resell the building to Fairmac. The Post Office maintains that it will not alter the exterior of the building in any way, but will remodel the interior to meet its needs. The land between the administration building and Wisconsin Avenue will be paved and divided into maneuvering and parking areas for jeepsters, employees, and customers with three entrances and exits on Porter Street. The Plattsburg Court circle behind the building will be used for additional jeepster parking.

The McLean Gardens Residents' Association opposes the Post Office's proposed location on the following grounds: (1) neither the residents of the Gardens nor any of the residents of surrounding neighborhoods were consulted or even informed of the proposed arrangement until after the negotiations had been completed between the Post Office and Fairmac; (2) while no zoning change will occur at this time, the presence of the Post Office could set a precedent for other "commercial enterprises" in the neighborhood, a plan that Fairmac has been trying to promote in one form or another since they purchased the Gardens; (3) the location of the Post Office in the administration building will force the administrative offices (rental, maintenance, and security) to relocate, presumably in apartments which are or could be inhabited by tenants; (4) the presence of the Post Office will alter the character of the Gardens by increasing traffic and noise in the area. An environmental assessment of the Post Office's impact has been prepared by their architects. Few specific figures on traffic, noise, pollution, land alteration, and other environmental effects were provided because the relocation is "only temporary." Because of the lack of specificity, we find the assessment inadequate.

While the Post Office and CBI-Fairmac have completed their negotiations, the Post Office must still receive the approval of the National Capital Planning Commission (NCPC). (Because no zoning change will occur and the Post Office is a federal installation, no other approval is required.) The Post Office is tentatively scheduled to appear at the NCPC meeting on July 8. At that time, the McLean Gardens Residents' Association will oppose the proposed plan. Other residents and citizen groups who will be affected by the location of the temporary post office are encouraged to register with NCPC to respond at this meeting.

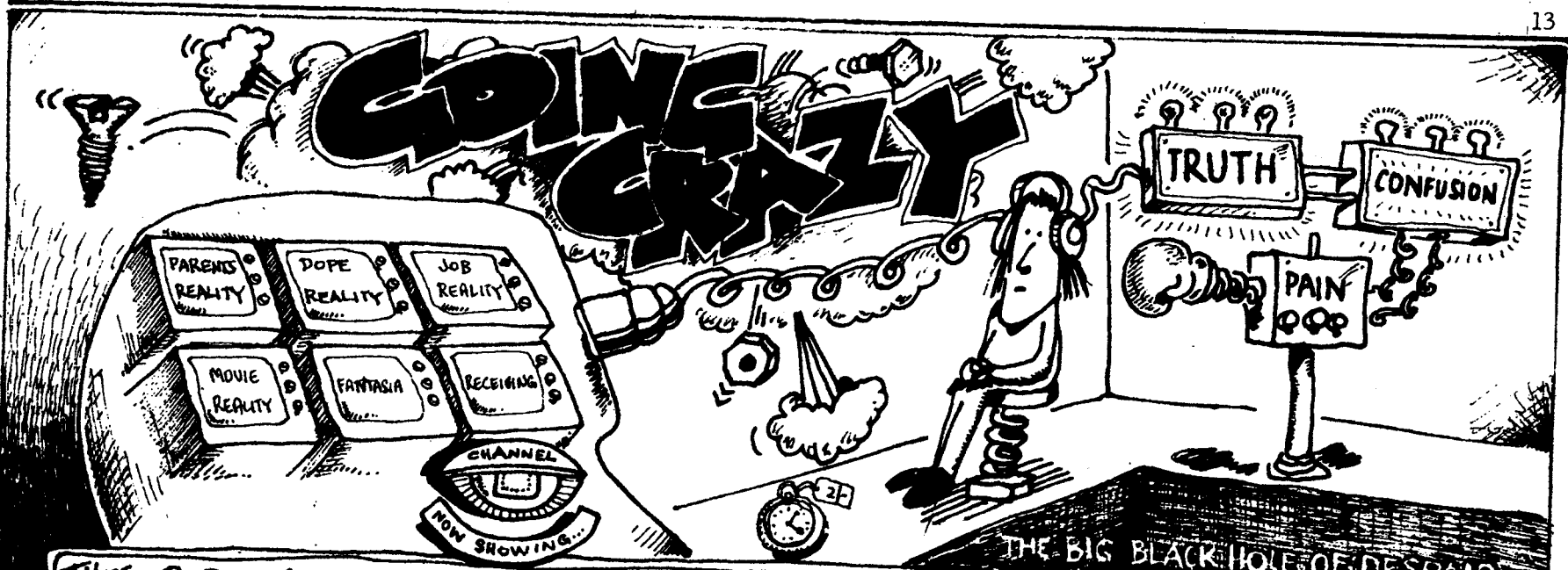
- () THE NEW AEROBICS: One of the best of the fitness books. Follow its rules and you'll really be in shape. \$1.50
- () THE GREAT AMERICAN BOOK OF DIRT, SIDEWALK, STOOP ALLEY AND CURB GAMES: Games you'd like to teach your kids but can't remember and games you'll be glad to learn. \$3.95
- () FRISBEE: The definitive book on this great American sport. \$4.95
- () CALL ME WHEN YOU FIND AMERICA. Some of G.B. Trudeau's funniest Doonesbury strips. \$1.95
- () TRICKS AND PUZZLES: Turn of the century (Before TV) tricks and puzzles for adults and kids. \$3.95
- () THE DOONESBURY CHRONICLES: 492 daily strips plus 80 Sunday strips in this fine retrospective. \$6.95
- () INNER GAME OF TENNIS: It may not be your stroke but your soul. Get inside the ball and yourself with this unusual tennis book. 20% off! \$6.35

Send check or money order to
DC Gazette, 1739 Conn. Ave.
NW (#2) DC 20009. Include
check or money order. DC
residents add 5% DC Tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ZIP _____



THESE PEOPLE ARE SUCCEEDING IN DRIVING THEMSELVES CRAZY WITHOUT MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT

IS IT THAT I'M SUBLIMATING MY EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS BY WORK OR IS IT THAT WHEN I HAVE EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS I CAN'T WORK?

I WANNA SEE YOU SO MUCH THAT I HATE YOU!!

I KNOW HOW TO TALK TO THEM THE WAY THEY LIKE YOU TO TALK TO THEM BUT WHEN THEY REALIZE YOU KNOW THEY KNOW YOU STILL KNOW HOW... BUT ITS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN

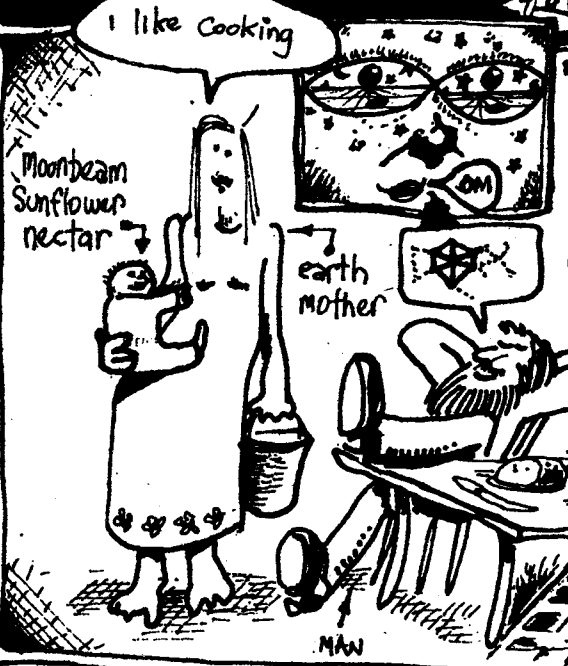
OF COURSE IM BETTER THAN THEM - WELL MAYBE EQUAL ANYWAY, BUT MAYBE BETTER 'CAUSE I PERCEIVE THIS SITUATION WHY DONT THEY SEE MY POTENTIAL.....



MARGOT (7)



THINGS HAVE REALLY BOOMED IN OUR SUBURB SINCE THE COCA COLA PLANT OPENED - MY JOB IS REMOVING OLD STRAWS FROM THE DIRTY BOTTLES..



The trouble with society is that it is not COSMIC!! these people have found internal peace and self confidence by accepting the whims of the cosmic energy of the universe and adjust their psyches accordingly as the wind blows the stencils

FAR OUT - DIG IT MAN, TRIP ON IT, ITS SO COOL, MAN JUST FAR OUT AMAZING SUCH A BEAUTIFULL VIB TOGETHER AND COOL NO FREAK



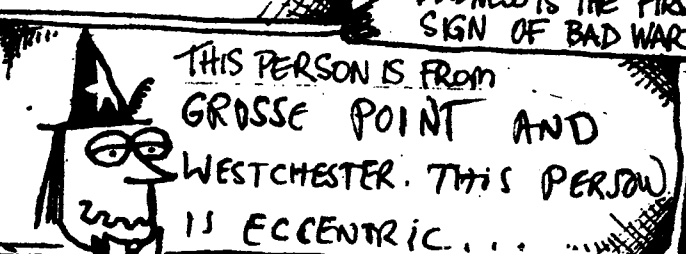
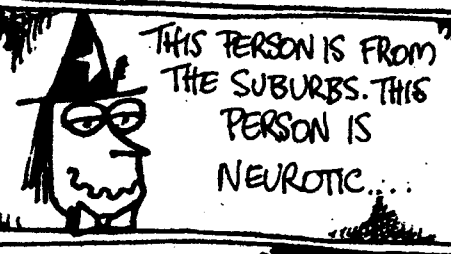
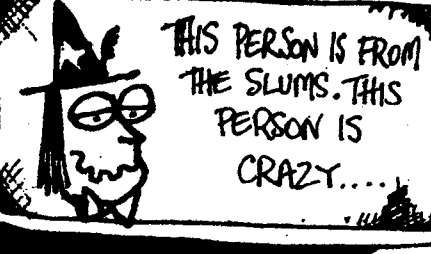
THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE GOING CRAZY

- EAT GRAPE (LOTS)
- CRY (LOTS)
- LIE ON THE BED
- STARE AT THE CEILING
- RUN
- SMOKE A LOT
- COUNT YOUR TOES
- WAIT

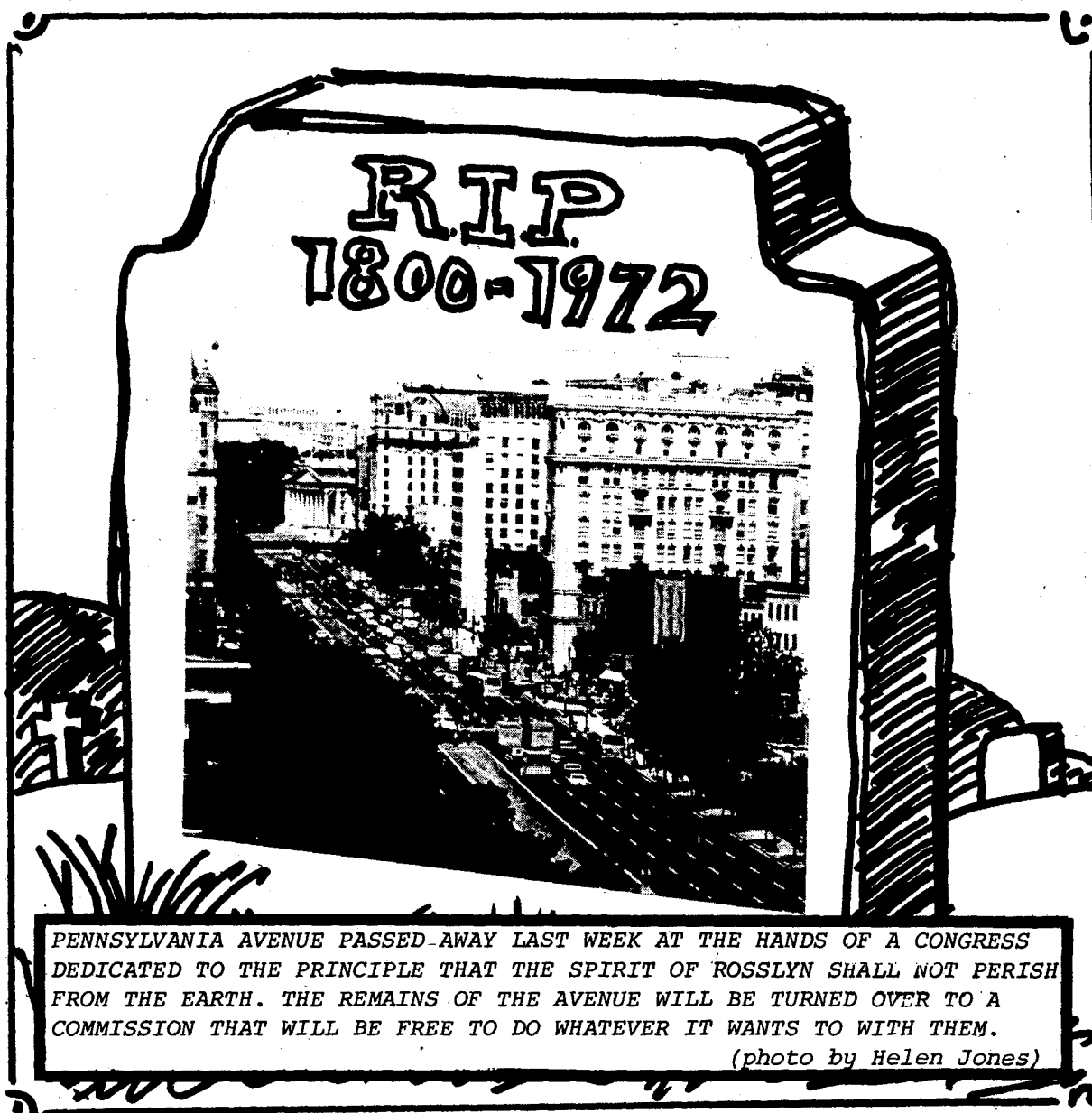
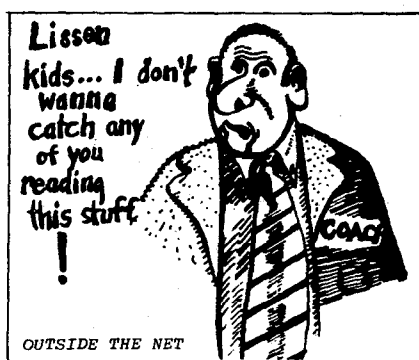
THINGS NOT TO DO

- VISIT YOUR EX-SPOUSE
- TRY TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF
- WORK
- STICK YOUR FINGER IN THE EMPTY LIGHT SOCKET AND FLIP THE SWITCH
- READ THIS

WE AT THE PAPER TEND TO GET CARRIED AWAY, DESPITE THE OBVIOUS DRAWBACKS OF FRIVOLITY AND MEANINGLESSNESS. WE JUST THOUGHT TO REMIND YOU - MADNESS IS THE FIRST SIGN OF BAD WARTS



..... INDEED. THE TREMENDOUS ENERGY IN THE FORCES PRODUCING MENTAL ILLNESS, AS WELL AS THOSE BEHIND ART AND RELIGION COULD NEVER BE UNDERSTOOD AS THE OUTCOME OF FRUSTRATED OR SUBLIMATED PSYCHOLOGICAL NEEDS..... THEY ARE ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF BEING BORN HUMAN..... ERICH FROMM. Via M. Sharp (3)



FASTEN your seat belts, folks, put your seat in an upright position and observe the no smoking sign. We're about to take off on another flight to Nixonworld, which is like Nixonland, only with pandas.

The big news is that the Coast Guard no longer hands out notices of violations to unsafe boaters. It terminates them. That's not a bizarre new punishment for laxity at sea, but the latest contribution to the New English, the language that everyone speaks and no one understands. The Coast Guard has also jettisoned the term life preserver, preferring, naturally, personal flotation device. In case you need one in a hurry, it is permissible to request a PFD.

It got me thinking. And my mind being what it is, I started thinking about gravestones. Can you imagine what a cemetery of today's Americans is going to look like? No? Well, try a little harder and I'll help. Here are some first offerings for those who wish truly contemporary epitaphs:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF JOHN G. BROWN
LOST AT SEA AND NEVER FOUND
HIS PFD WAS NOT INFLATED
NOW HE HAS BEEN TERMINATED

For black militants:

HERE LIES OUR BROTHER, OSCAR X
HE SPOKE FOR THE WHOLE BLACK COMMUNITY
ONCE TOO OFTEN

For the civic activist:

LIFE WITHOUT MARY IS
SURELY WORSEN
SHE WAS A FINE
RESOURCE PERSON

For a member of the Model Cities Commission:

MICHAEL'S SPOKE
WITH TONGUE OF THUNDER
NOW HIS INPUT'S SIX
FEET UNDER

For a member of women's liberation:

HERE LIES MS. BROWN
ONLY HER CONSCIOUSNESS
REMAINS RAISED

For a DC school administrator:

HERE LIES WHAT'S LEFT OF MR. CRONE
DECENTRALIZED BENEATH THIS STONE

or:

HERE LIES ROGER TURGBOTTS
THE LORD BELIEVES IN
ACCOUNTABILITY, TOO.

For a District Building bureaucrat:

WE'RE SORRY THAT SHE HAD TO DIE
WE'VE FORMED A TASK FORCE
TO FIND OUT WHY

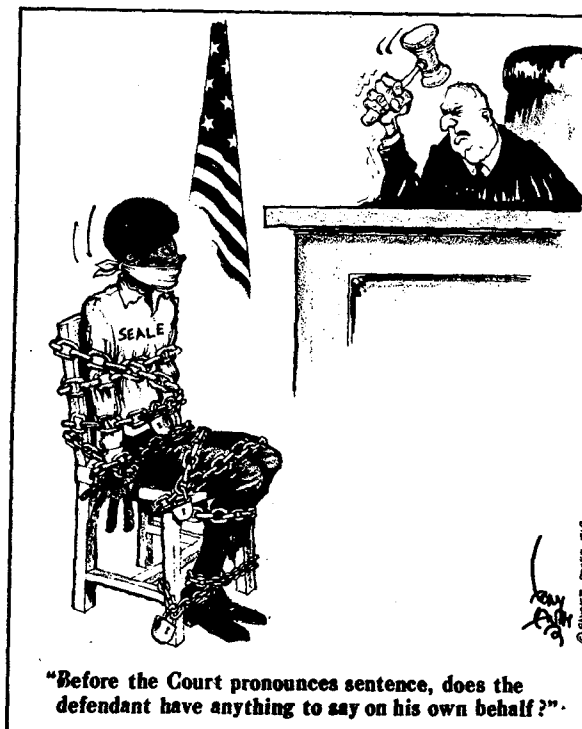
or:

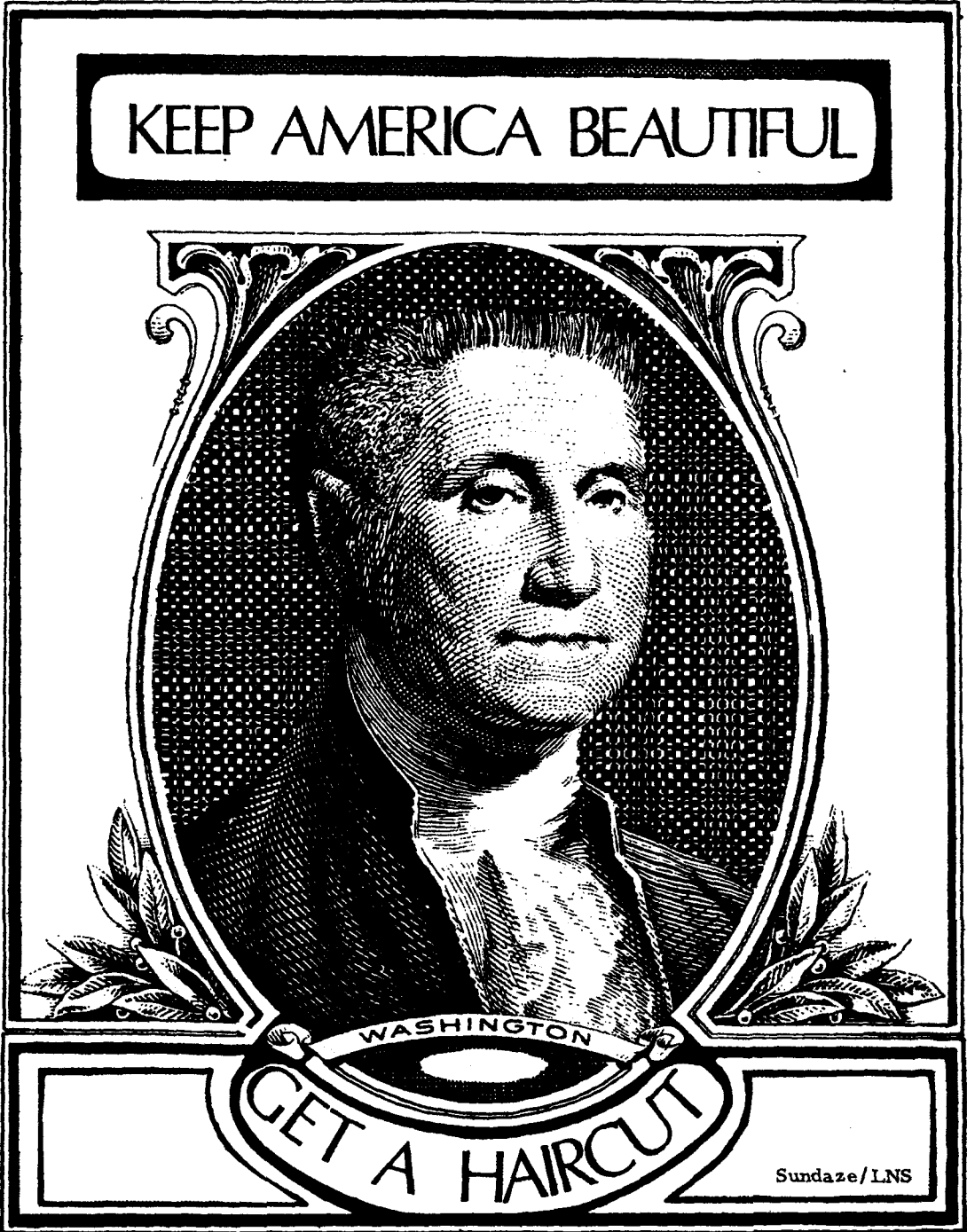
IN ORDER TO PROVIDE A
BETTER DELIVERY OF SERVICES
JONE FERGLE HAS BEEN RESTRUCTURED

And for a transit official:

HE'S TAKEN HIS LAST RIDE
LET'S HOPE HE HAD THE
EXACT FARE

That's it. R.I.P. - with honor.





IF YOU WOULD
LIKE COPIES
OF THIS
SPECIAL ISSUE
SENT TO
FRIENDS
SEND US \$1
FOR EACH
COPY ALONG
WITH THEIR
NAMES AND
ADDRESSES
TO DC GAZETTE
1739 Conn. Ave. NW (#2)
DC 20009



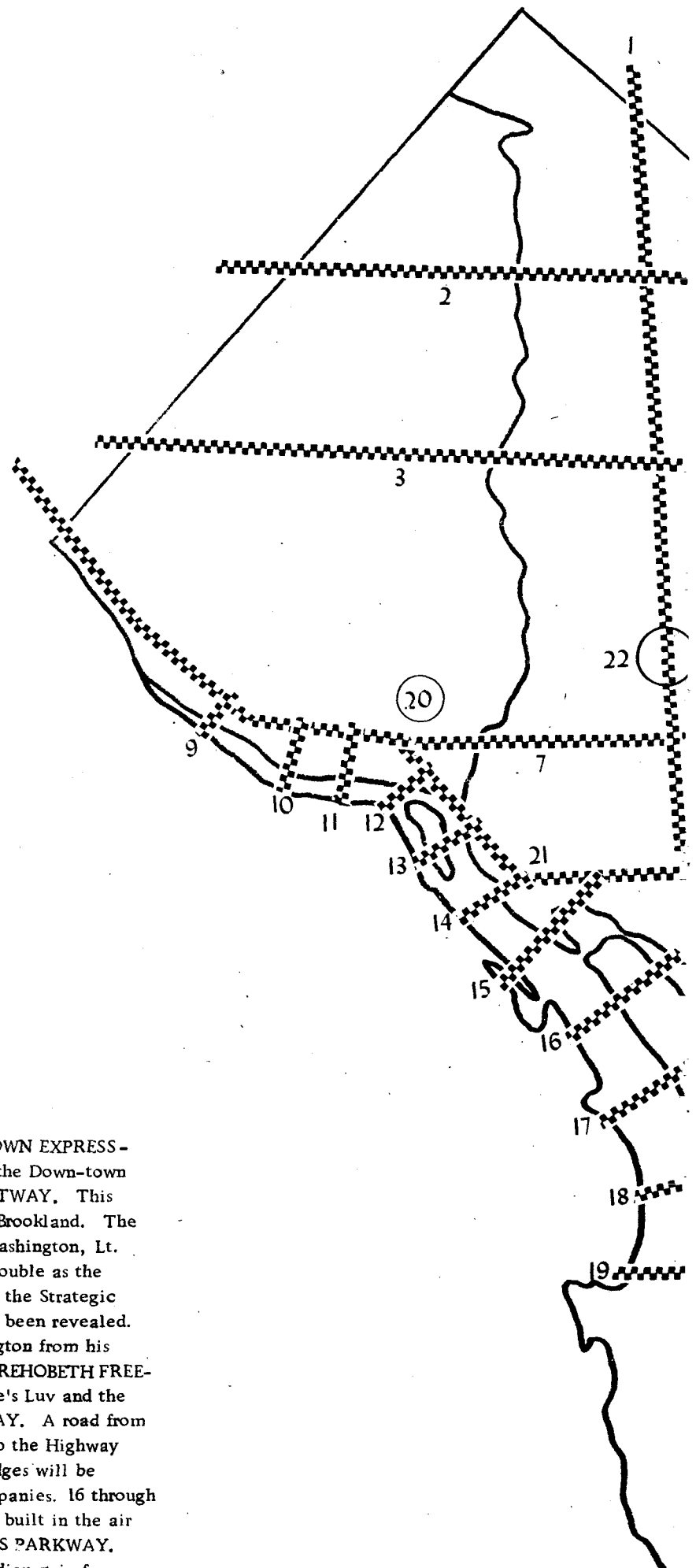
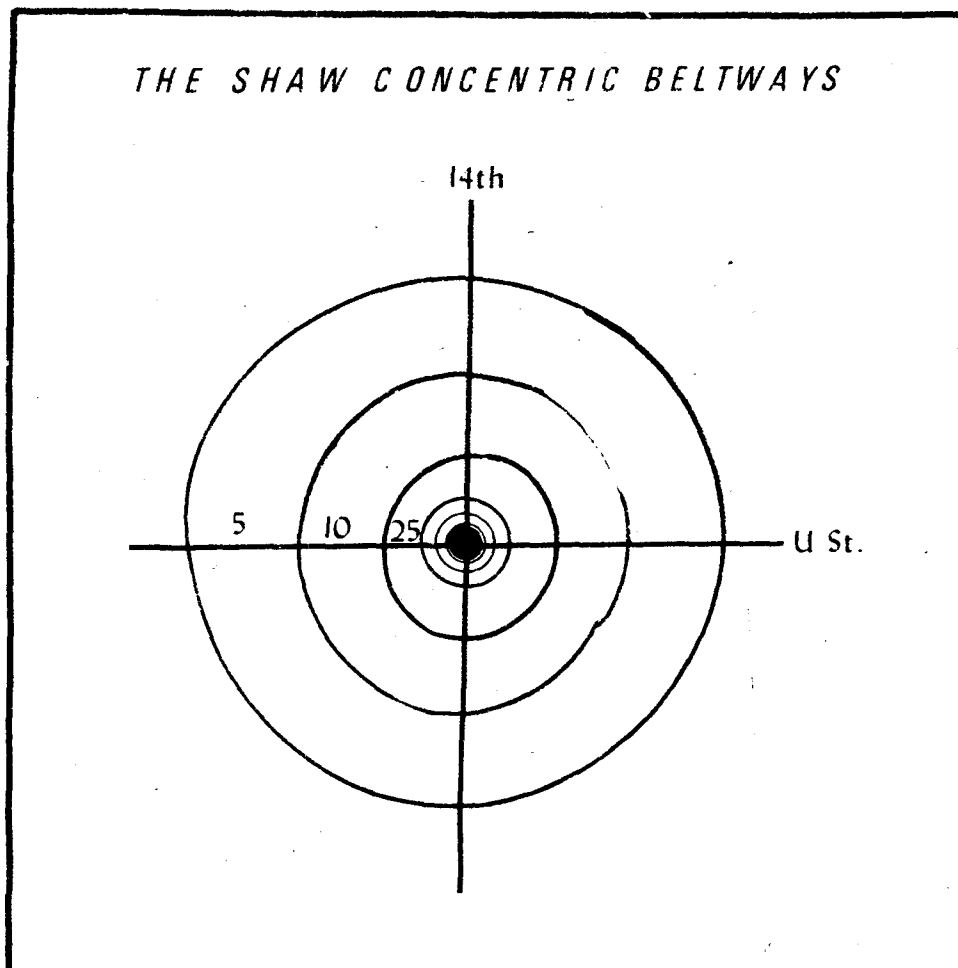
DESPITE scandals and corruption,
you can keep clean with Tom's Na-
tural Soap. A box of these fine,
natural soaps makes an excellent
present for a friend -- or for you-
self. Mixture of Coco Orange and
Herbal Mint.

DC Gazette
1739 Conn Ave NW (#2) DC 20009
Please send me a gift box of
of Tom's Natural Soap. I enclose
\$5.50 plus 75¢ postage and 28¢ DC
tax (\$6.53 total)
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....ZIP.....

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

THE JOSIAH X. SWAMPOODLE GUIDE

IDEAL FOR OFFICE WALLS, DENS & I



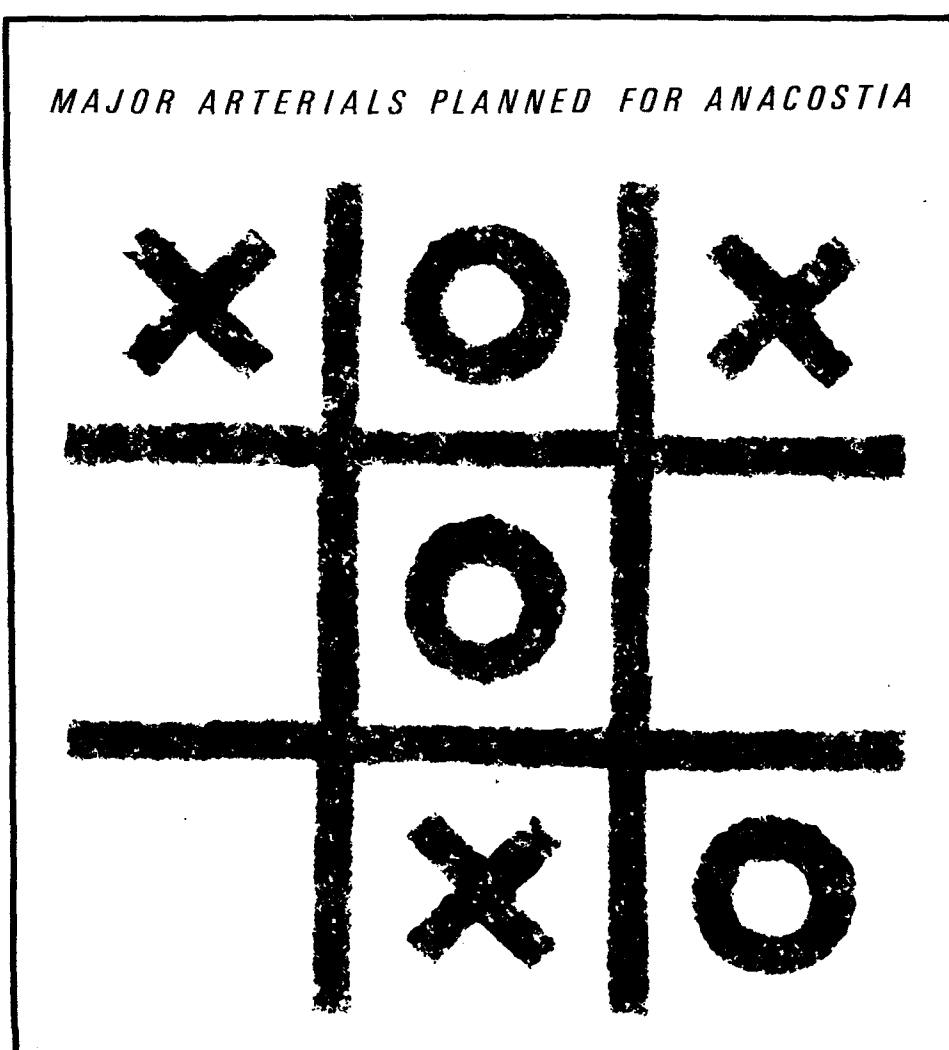
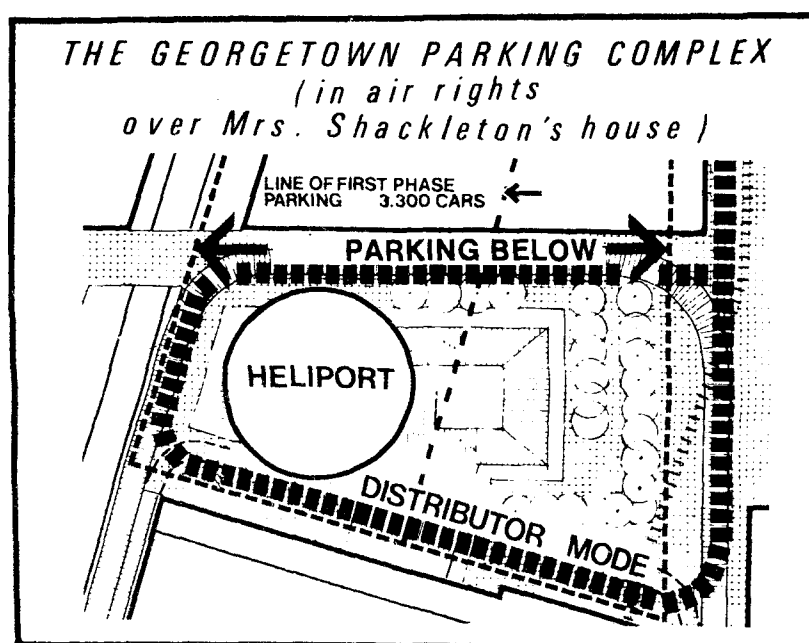
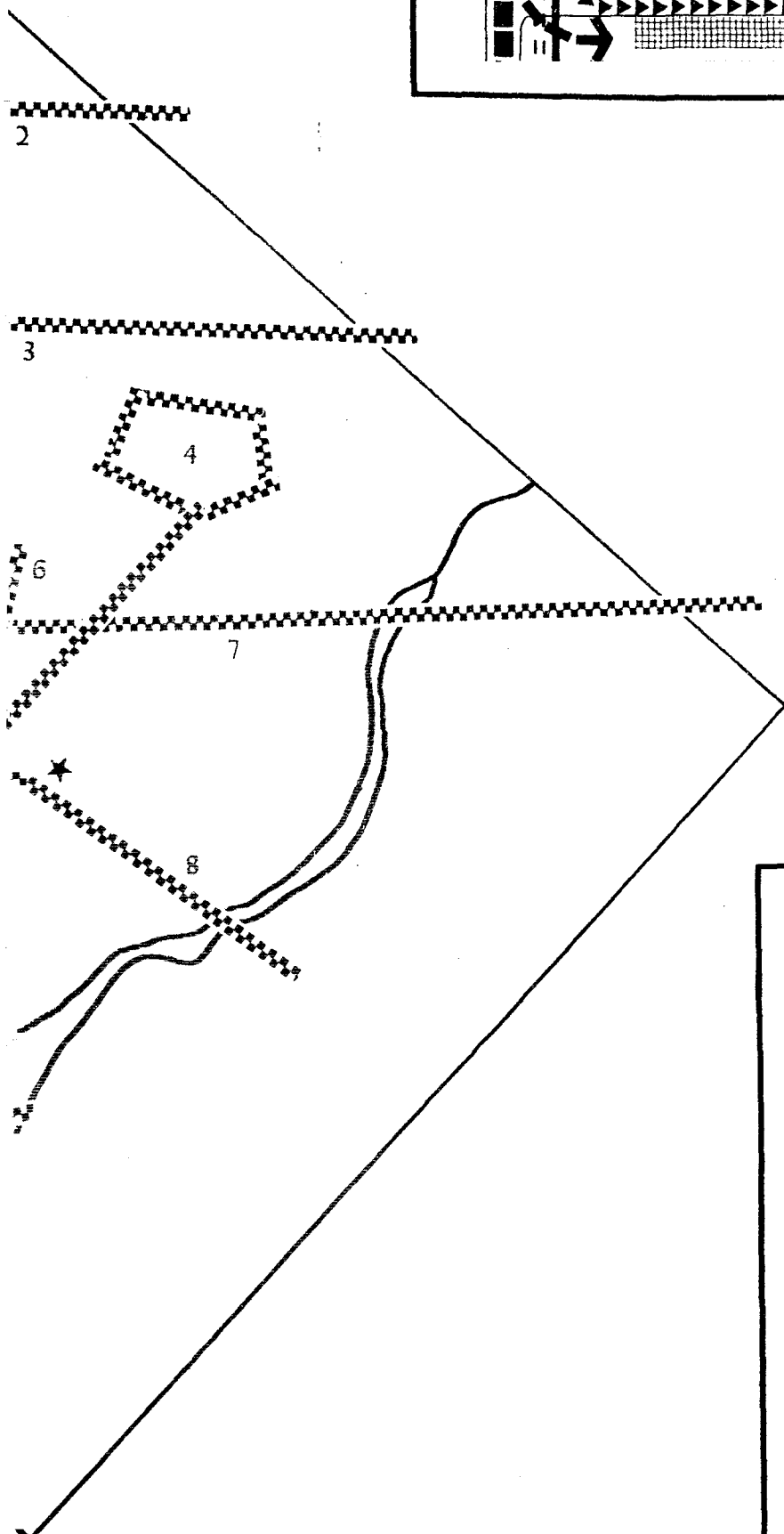
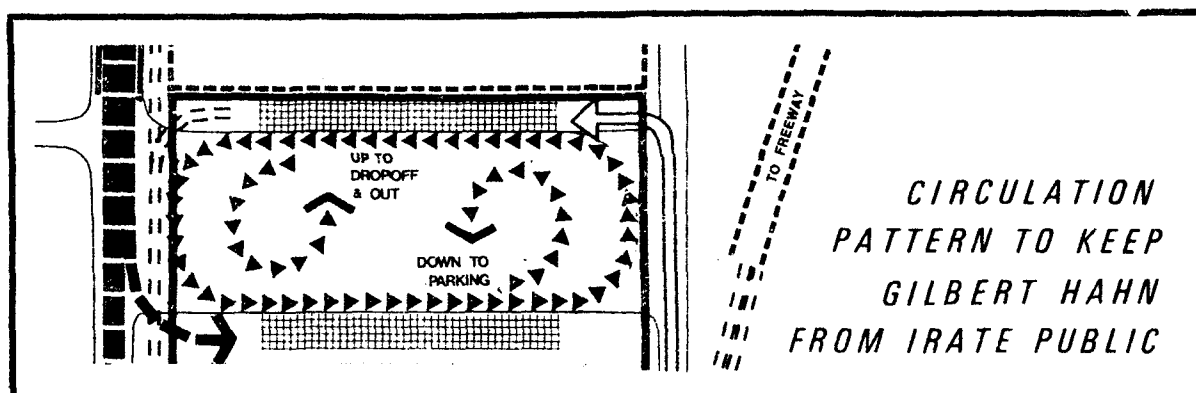
LEGEND

1. THE UP & DOWN-TOWN EXPRESSWAY. 2. THE UP-TOWN CROSS-TOWN EXPRESSWAY. 3. THE MID-TOWN CROSS-TOWN EXPRESSWAY. (The location of the Down-town Cross-town Expressway has not yet been finalized.) 4. THE BROOKLAND BELTWAY. This road will be built on a wall 90 feet high that will surround the community of Brookland. The Beltway will provide easy access to any part of Brookland for Commissioner Washington, Lt. Col. Starobin or the U. S. Marshall. A moat on the outside of the wall will double as the Brookland sanitary settling basin. Air rights over the beltway will be given to the Strategic Air Command. 5. This is still in the planning stages and the location has not been revealed. 6. THE T-ST. DITCH. This depressed 8-lane road will speed Walter Washington from his home to the District Building (small star) and back. 7. THE GEORGETOWN-REHOBETH FREEWAY. A direct route to the shore for Georgetowners with exit ramps at Wayne's Luv and the last liquor store in the city. 8. THE JOSEPH P. YELDELL MEMORIAL HIGHWAY. A road from Councilman Yeldell's house to the District Building in honor of past services to the Highway Department. 9 through 15. SEVEN BRIDGES FOR SEVEN VOTES. These bridges will be named after the seven councilmen most loyal to the needs of the cement companies. 16 through 19. SPARE BRIDGES. 20. THE GEORGETOWN PARKING COMPLEX. To be built in the air rights over Polly Shackleton's home (see detail map). 21. THE POOR PEOPLE'S PARKWAY. This 23 lane road will run the entire length of the Mall leaving a narrow median strip for future demonstrations. The Highway Department had originally planned to build the road through the Lincoln Memorial, but decided against it when engineering studies showed that a statue divided against itself might fall. 22. The Shaw Concentric Beltways (See detail map).

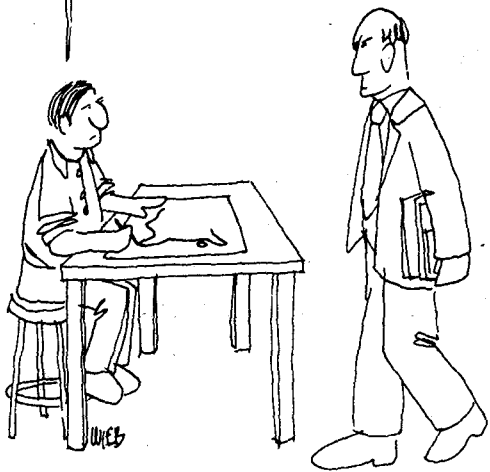
THROUGH WASHINGTON ON \$500,000 A MILE

TO FREEWAYS IN YOUR FUTURE

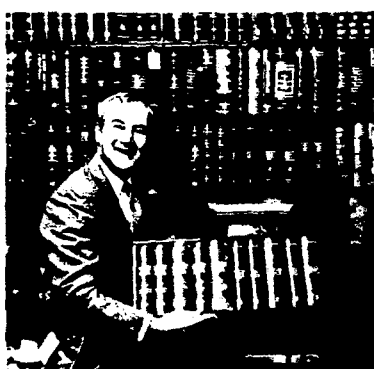
NOT CONTROL COMMAND CENTERS



ABOUT THIS NEW U.S. MAP-
ARE WE STILL MAKING THE RIVERS BLUE?



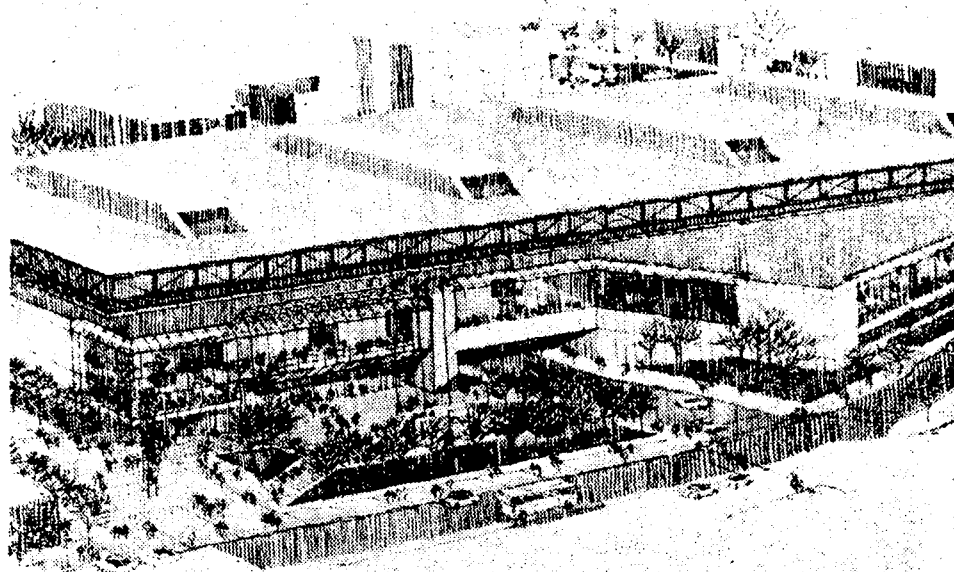
personally yours with...
for you. An opulent beauty to...
most elegant clothes. The unusual...
off the squared-off corners that outline...
graceful initials. About 2 1/2" wide.
No. A2369R "Marcasite" Monogram Pin \$5.98



HAVE A COMPLETE BOUND LIBRARY WITHOUT
BOOKS! Impossible you say! Not with these fab-
ulous library panels! They are real, superb qual-
ity, book bindings framed in walnut finished
wood and attach to any wall instantly with self
contained super tape. Decorate a den, impress
friends with the classical! Have a row or do a
wall. 10 different models available, each is 11"
x 25".
No. F3264 Library Panel \$7.95
Set of Two with Different Titles \$15.98
Set of Four with Different Titles \$28.95
36

COOK
chron
No. E6
No. E623
No. E624 M.

BUBBLE BIRD
have a ball nibb-
sistent plastic r-
at the four por-
proof, this roac-
2 lbs. of seed
special filling
No. E3139 B.



YOUR DREAM COME TRUE!

FOR SALE: 300,000 square feet of warehouse space in changing neighborhood right in the heart of downtown Washington. Take possession free and clear of existing tenants for no money down and only \$5 million a year for thirty years. Ten meeting rooms, kitchen, spacious hallways and plenty of parking nearby. Lots of space to grow into. Only \$65 million. Tax-payers will finance. Base cost does not include finishing of 22 meeting rooms, second kitchen, workshops, stage or other accessories. Complete as you desire. This bargain will not last long. Call W. E. Washington at 628-6000 for further details.

That's something to think about until next time, when I hope to report to you on my new movie, to be called "The Meek Ones." It stars Walter Washington and Gilbert Hahn who play the roles of two prisoners handcuffed together who accidentally fall out of a police van. The movie recounts their hair-raising adventures as they attempt to find their way back to jail.

Swampoodle's Report

In honor of the new Washington-Tucker administration, I have named myself colonial poet laureate and have prepared the following partially plagiarized inaugural lines:

The walrus and the carpenter were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see such quantities of land.
"If this were only cleared away," they said, "it would be grand."

"If seven pols with seven plans reviewed for half a year,
"Do you suppose," the walrus said, "that they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear.

"O citizens, come walk with us!" the walrus did implore,
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant balk outside the inner door;
"We'll listen to just five or six to make your thoughts mean more."

The eldest voter looked at him but no word from that source;
The citizen just winked his eye and coughed a cough quite hoarse.
Meaning to say he did not choose to join one more task force.

But four young voters hurried up all eager for the show.
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes in pairs aglow,
Which wasn't odd, because, you know,
They were so soon to go.

Four more citizens came next and yet another four
And thick and fast they came at last and more, and more and more—
All hopping through the corridor and scrambling to the door.

The walrus and the carpenter planned six blocks or so
And then they rested on a rock conveniently low:
And all the little citizens stood and waited in a row.

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to talk of many things,
"Of FARs and PUDs and densities and inner traffic rings
"And why the waterfront's so dead And how to give it wings."

"But wait a bit," the voters cried, "before we plan anew,
"For some of us the rent's been raised — for some the tax is due."
"No hurry!" said the carpenter. They said to him, "Thank you!"

"A better mix," the walrus said, "is what we chiefly need:
"And tax base growth besides is very good indeed,
"Now if you're ready, voters dear, we can begin to feed."

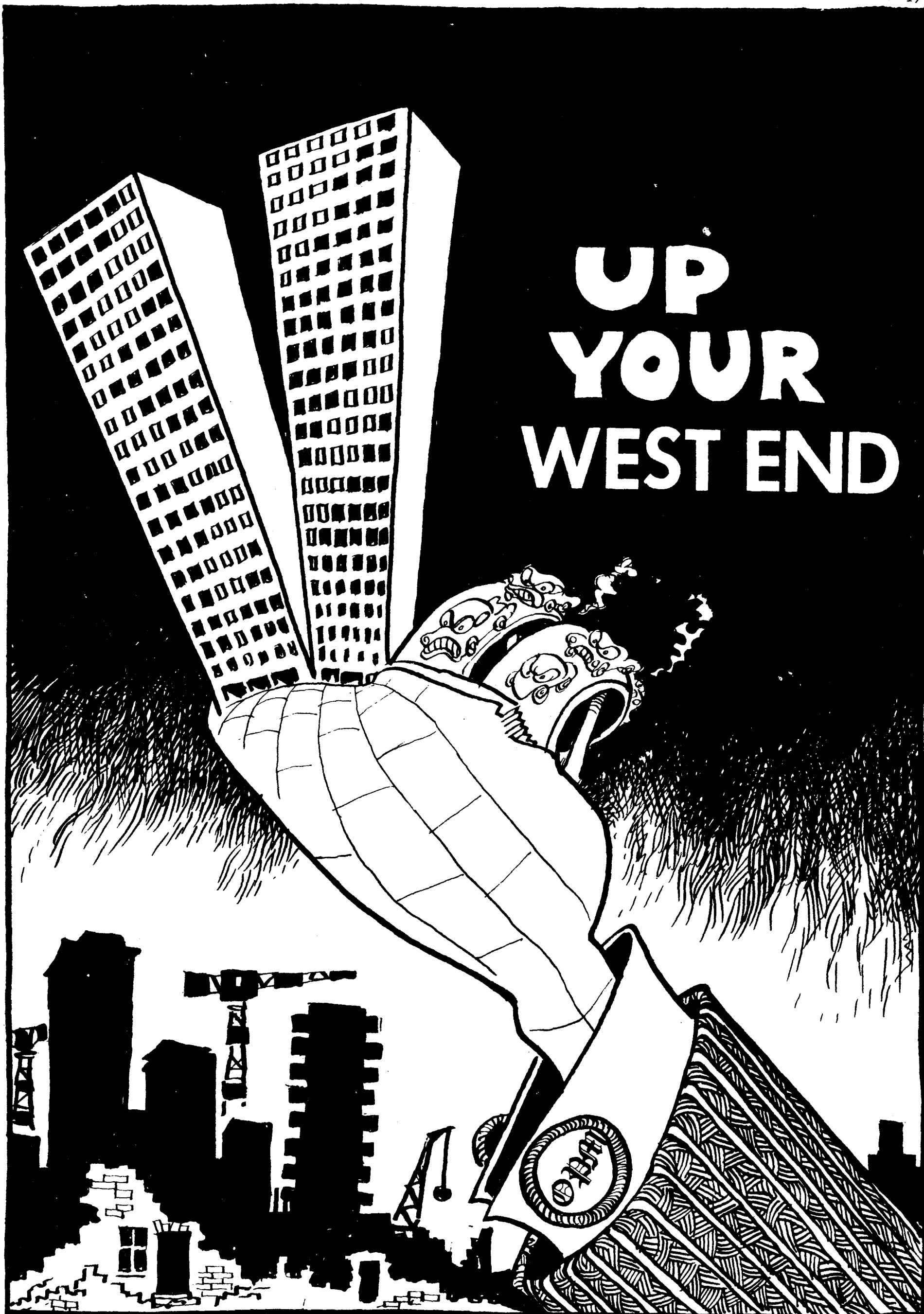
"But not on us!" the voters cried, turning a little blue,
"After such kindness, that would be a dismal thing to do!"
"The plan is fine," the walrus said, "Do you admire the view?"

"It seems ashame," the Walrus said, "to play them such a trick
"After we've brought them out so far, and made them trot so quick."
The carpenter said nothing but "The parking's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the walrus said: "I deeply sympathize;
With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the smallest size,
Holding his pocket long range plan before his streaming eyes.

"O citizens," said the carpenter, "your input has been fun!
"Shall we be trotting home again?" But answer there came none —
And this was scarcely odd, because They'd evicted every one.

Josiah X. Swampoodle
Purveyor of split infinitives for more than three decades.



Adapted from poster of Coventry Garden Assn., London

SOME PEOPLE CLAIM
CONGRESS NEEDS
TO BE REFORMED...

THEY SAY THAT IT
CANNOT NOW SOLVE
TODAY'S PROBLEMS...



1.



2.

I SAY THAT'S PUTTING
THE CART BEFORE
THE HORSE ...

IT'S TODAY'S
PROBLEMS THAT
NEED REFORMING!



3.



4. WEB

I guess the best post-primary analysis came from a kid down the street who said he was glad Clifford Alexander hadn't won. Why, I asked. The youth replied: "He promised to clean our alleys and he never did."

ACCORDING TO ARIZONA'S NEW TIMES, Major General R.H. Groves of the Corps of Engineers sent the following memo to subordinates:

1. I am observing a growing trend in the use of the verb 'to feel.' Please avoid its use in any paper that you may prepare for my signature. Any action that I take is supposed to be objective, emotionally sterile and totally devoid of feeling. In my official capacity, I am capable of believing and sensing, but never feeling.

2. Please see that your work for me is purged of this offensive word.

IT'S time once again, boys and girls, for another report from America's Model City. One of these days they're going to let us have a real life-size one.

The big news is that Marion Barry got a watch for Christmas. Everybody thinks it looks pretty nifty except for the local TV camera crews who think waiting for Marion is the best thing that ever happened to featherbedding.

Anyway, Barry wanted to set his new watch, so he asked Hugh Scott what time it was. Scott said he couldn't answer the question without adequate funding. But Marion persisted and Scott reported that it was seventy-three minutes past the hour, less 12 minutes transferred to Title One, plus seven minutes of mandatory increases.

"What hour?" asked Marion.

"I'll have a report for you by Jan. 9," replied the superintendent.

Hugh Scott got a nice Christmas present, too. A friend gave him one of those drawing books in which you connect the numbered dots to complete the picture. Only in this book all the numbers start at \$3.2 million and work up.

Washington Hospital Center reports that the first baby of the new year was born at 12:07 A.M. on January 1st. The Preterm Clinic reports that the first baby of the year was not born three minutes earlier.



IS THE
The Washington Post
READY FOR HOME RULE?



Improving Santa, Image-Wise

Hair too long, seldom preened,
Never brushed or Vaseline'd,
Cheeks too dimpled and too red
Alcohol or overfed?
Beard too large, wrong shade of white,
Collar fits somehow not right,
Hat not smart for mature man,
Face in need of southern tan.
Shoulders should be natura'ed,
Stomach should be Metreca'ed,
Belt is gauche and much too wide,
Coat needs vents on either side.
A sack like that just doesn't swing,
Attache case would be the thing,
That ancient sleigh will never do,
Get that man a Chevy II.
Now you're set to do your bit,
I tell you, baby, you're a hit,
Quick, Virginia, take a look,
Santa's real now—not a kook.
We'll see his rating soar no doubt . . .
What's that, S.C.?

They threw you out?

Well,

some are fickle—you can't be sure;
Cheer up, old man, and try next door.

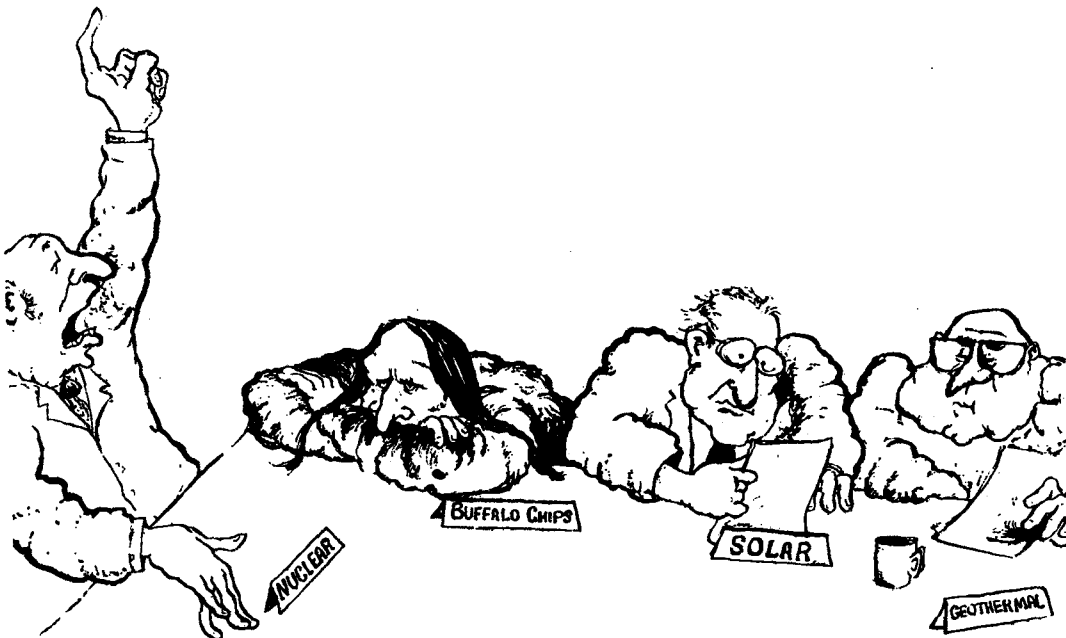
HI THERE, boys and girls. Betcha thought I was never coming back. Actually, it was kind of a close call. For the last six weeks I've been held incommunicado by federal agents in a Havre de Grace motel. They said I was a material witness in the disappearance case involving a Judge Crater. I tried to explain that I wasn't born when Judge Crater disappeared, but they told me that the Attorney General had declared that alibis were no longer acceptable in national internal security cases. "The rights of the defendant must be balanced against the rights of the Justice Department," the agent told me, neatly balancing a right hook off my right jaw.

It was getting pretty heavy in there and it began to look like I was in for a long stay, especially when I used my only dime on the bed vibrator rather than on a telephone call. But they finally decided to let me go after I gave them information linking David Dellinger to the Bonus Army.

What with all the talk of detention camps, the security index and raids on communes, paranoia is replacing heart disease as a major cause of death in the U.S. It's gotten so bad, that I got into a cab the other day and the driver refused to give me his opinion.

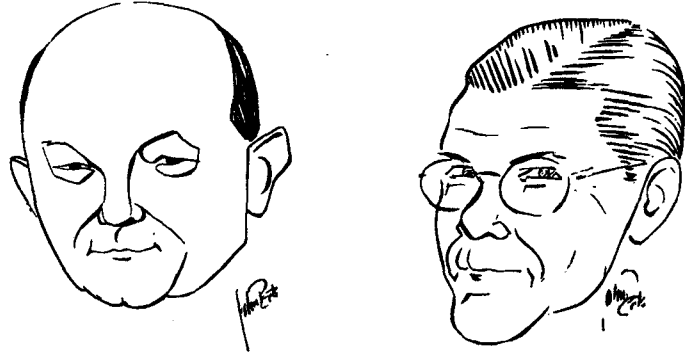
Season-Wise

Salem says their cigarettes
The season's change each year
begets.
But if one puff brings spring-
time, then
Will a pack bring snow again?



BY POPULAR DEMAND!!

Interrupting Their Triumphant
Far Eastern Engagement
for a Tour of
the Bosch Circuit!!



THE DEAN AND BOB SHOW!! SEE:

- ☞ *Communists Appear Out of Thin Air!*
- ☞ *A Whole Nation Made Safe
for Democracy!*
- ☞ *Classic Impersonations of
Joe McCarthy and Teddy Roosevelt!*
- ☞ *The UN Charter Transformed
Before Your Very Eyes!*
- ☞ *Grand Finale: The U. S. Marine
Corps Amphibious Chorus Singing
"This Land Is Our Land!"*

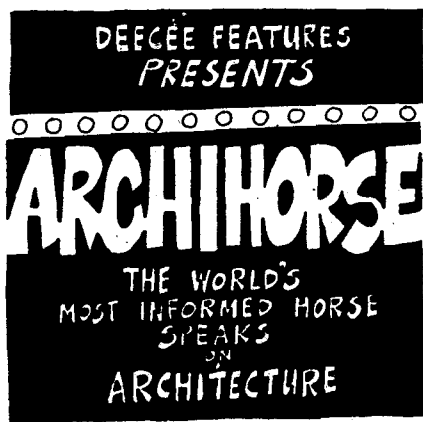
Coming Soon to Your Local Theatre
of Operations!

JOSIAH X. SWAMPOODLE reports that Ben Bradlee of the Post favors a plan to solve the current dispute with black Post reporters by bussing newsmen from the Afro-American.

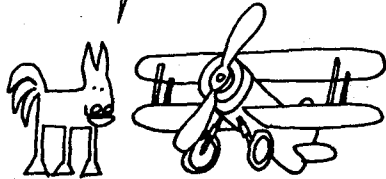
There are just a few shopping days before Christmas, which is probably just as well. I went into one of those toy supermarkets and found they have make-believe tear gas grenades that you load with talcum powder, a Jr. Analysis Kit that will determine the nutritional content of breakfast cereals, and a GI Joe National Guard riot model that shoots the first kid that moves. It's just not like it used to be. Besides, a soon-to-be-released report from Ralph Nader warns that sleighs should not be allowed to land on roof tops not equipped with automatic glide path controls.

Just remember: deck the halls with boughs of holly and you'll probably get arrested for it.

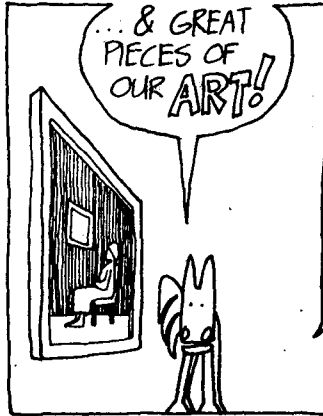
SPEAKING OF SIGNS ON THE BACK OF BUSES what the hell is that poster about "Washington by George" meant to mean? What are those green splotches in the background? Some geography class drop-out's conception of the metropolitan area? Tom Eagleton's conception of Walter Washington? An unfinished silk screen? Why don't they use the space for some useful advice? Like "Please Extinguish Your Metrobus Before Leaving Vehicle."



ONE OF THE GREAT
THINGS WE DO IS
TO SAVE OUR GREAT
MACHINES...



... & GREAT
PIECES OF
OUR ART!



BUT, WHY DO WE THEN
HIDE THEM IN SUCH
INACCESSIBLE BOXES
IN SUCH INACCESSIBLE
PLACES?

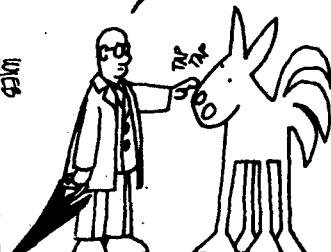


**SUPER
8-12**

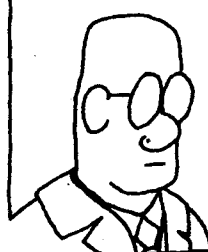


OUR MERCHANTS
DON'T HIDE THEIR
GOODS FROM THE
PUBLIC!

EXCUSE ME,
HORSE...



...ARE YOU TELLING
ME THAT WE SHOULD
COPY THOSE UGLY
MARKETS?

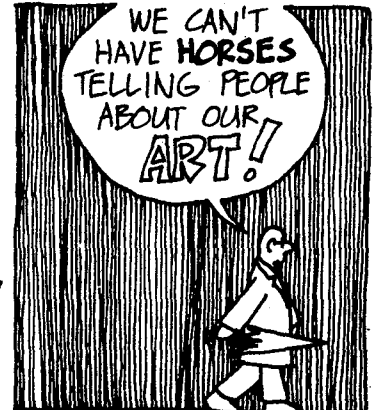


WE CAN CERTAINLY
COPY HOW HANDY A
MARKET IS, HOW IT
TELLS WHAT IT
OFFERS & WHEN
IT'S OPEN!



THERE ALREADY ARE
MUSEUMS THAT DO SOME
OF THESE THINGS!
TORONTO HAS AN OLD
MUSEUM BROUGHT UP TO
DATE WITH NEW SHOP
WINDOWS IN FRONT TO
SHOW WHAT'S
INSIDE!

IN WASHINGTON D.C., THE
ANACOSTIA MUSEUM IS A
PART OF THE SMITHSONIAN
BROUGHT TO A NEIGHBORHOOD
AND PUT ON A BUSY STREET
WHERE PEOPLE ARE!
GREAT MACHINES
& GREAT ART CAN BE
USED TO ADD TO THE
LIFE OF A
COMMUNITY!



WE CAN'T
HAVE HORSES
TELLING PEOPLE
ABOUT OUR
ART!



I have just completed a survey of the predictions of chambers of commerce throughout the US and, according to their estimates, 960 million people will visit bicentennial cities during 1976. This means that not only will every man, woman and child in the US have to visit at least four bicentennial centers but there will be no one left at home. The economic and environmental implications of this are staggering. We can expect a severe depression in those areas of the US less than 200 years old. Supermarkets in Des Moines will fold, department stores in Butte will go under, and tens of thousands of drug stores, gas stations and Roy Rogers outlets will close their doors permanently. Further, on top of the traffic and health hazards posed to the effete, but for this one year glorious, east, some scientists are warning that the movement of Americans to the Atlantic coast will cause the whole country to tilt, flooding Delaware and New Jersey, submerging Plymouth Rock and causing most of the bicentennial sites in Boston to slip into Back Bay.

Of course, there is the possibility that the predictions of bicentennial visitors will fall far short of the mark. This is no solution, however. Many cities have planned their budgets on the assumption that their population will at least double next year. If the American public decides to stay home and perversely watch the celebration on TV, we can expect most of the cities east of the Appalachians to follow New York City into a bicentennial budgetary morass from which they will never return. The problem will be aggravated by the probability that those who stay home in 1976 will decide en masse that 1977 would be a nice quiet time to see historic America and bicentennial cities will be inundated with tourists one year after they have spent all their bicentennial funds, recycled their tourist guides and closed their kiosks.

Grim as these possibilities are, there are still more matters to consider. One is that three months before the start of the great celebration most bicentennial projects are still in the planning stage. Take the Nation's Capital, for example. There is not one known bicentennial project of any

size underway here except for what appears to be a sanitary landfill under construction on the Mall.

I have been curious to discover where the millions in city bicentennial funds have gone. My investigations led me to a 7th street walk-up office where the Chief Coordinator of the DC Bicentennial Commission, DC Bicentennial Assembly and Citizens Advisory Commission on the Bicentennial Commission and Assembly does whatever it is he is doing. The coordinator of the DCBCDCBACACBCBA is a pleasant fellow who sits behind a desk with a bust of Willard Marriott on it. Behind him is a portrait of the Pomponio Brothers crossing the Potomac. He explained to me that a bicentennial wasn't just bricks and mortar but people. "We are bringing people together for this great event; what they do when they get here is their business. We are just facilitators."

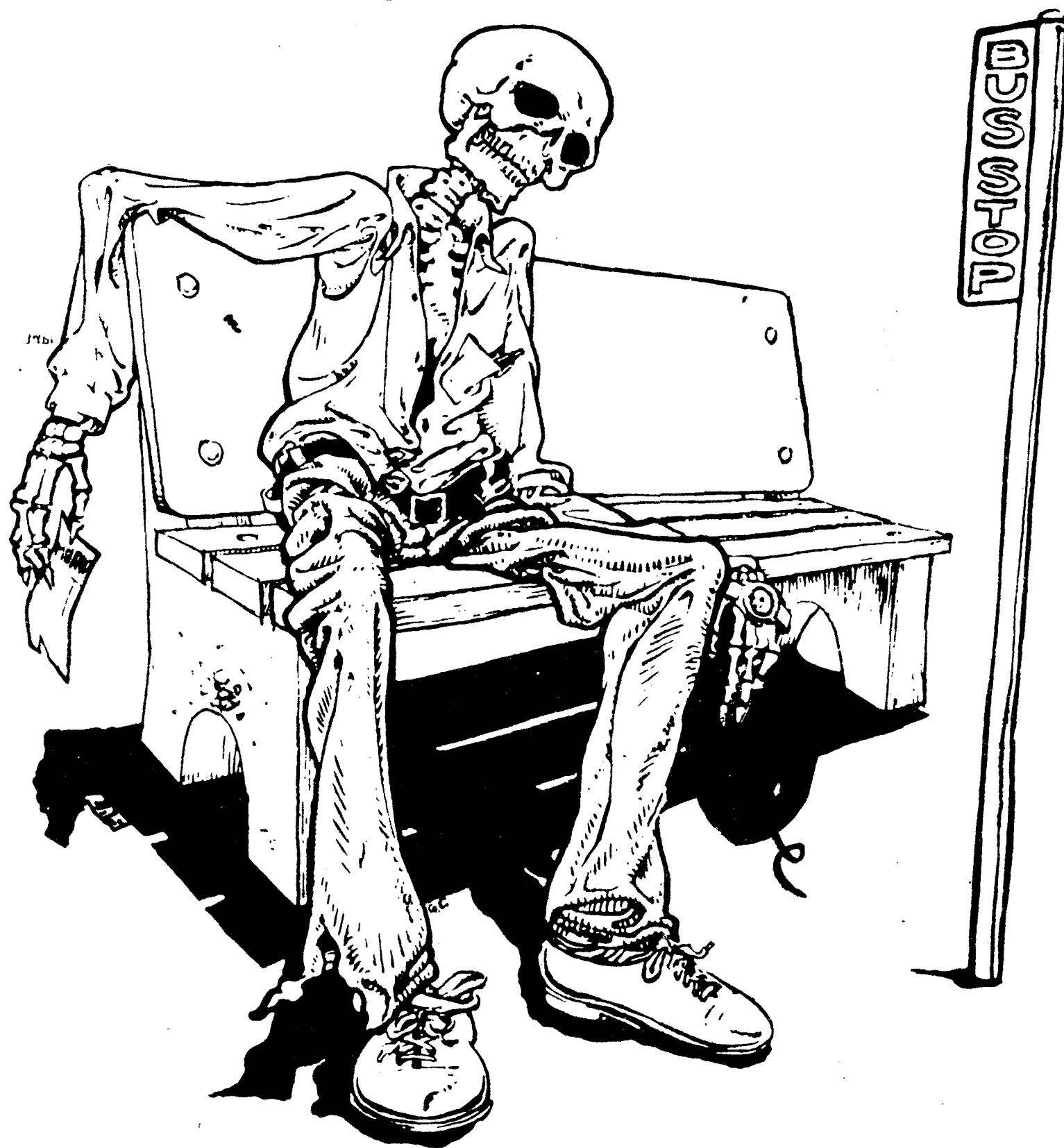
I inquired as to the agency's greatest achievements to date. After showing me some exquisite match books inscribed with "Washington Slept," he pointed out that the current budget contains plans for two police stations, several schools and some more miles of subway. "But doesn't this happen every year?" I asked. He explained that having it happen at the 200-year mark made it all much more meaningful. Besides, he added, "Our research branch has just discovered that the Constitution was not signed until September 1787. This would seem to be the operative document, with the so-called Declaration of Independence being an in-house discussion draft that probably never should have been released to the public in the first place. If we can adopt the 1987 timeframe we've given ourselves some breathing space."

I said I thought he might have a public relations problem selling that idea. He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a small pack of papers. "Well," he smiled, "we've prepared for the worst. If the bicentennial hasn't gotten off the ground by the fall of next year, I've written a special message from the mayor to be delivered to the city council. Here, I'll read you a bit:

"There are those who say we can't do it. Well, I know we can. That's what we're about. That's what people are about. That's what this government is about. We must rebuild the bicentennial in one hundred days. I therefore propose that the city council approve an Emergency Penultimate Bicentennial Supplemental Appropriations Act in the sum of \$52 million to make certain that our thrust impacts on the closing weeks of this great year. This is the bottom line — or at least the next to the bottom line. There could be no more fitting way to celebrate the bicentennial than to..."

I thanked him but said my editor would never print that.

SURE, METRO HAS PROBLEMS...



a d.c. gazette poster

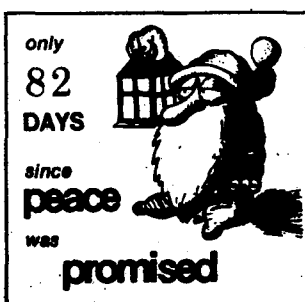


From a report in Science Magazine: "We have long been puzzled by the sex life of the polyphemus moth (*Antheraea polyphemus*). For example, when caged out-of-doors during the proper season, virgin females have routinely attracted the male polyphemus from afar. Yet under laboratory conditions we have (until recently) failed to obtain a single mating among hundreds of these moths when the sexes were placed together in small cages, or in large cages, or even in the Harvard gymnasium. The solution of this paradox proves to be far from trivial."

Perhaps they're disturbed by the sound of the rebounds.

Contemporary Theology Dept.: The Evening Star of Washington recently headlined a column on their church page "The Human Side of Religion."

That just about concludes my roundup of legislative, political and sociological matters for this fortnight except to remind you that there is only one place in town you can ride mass transit free: the Capitol subway. Which goes to prove that subsidized public transit can be an important factor in helping the unskilled and untrained find employment.



Meanwhile, the revolution continues. The oppressed masses are rising up on every hand. If they were smart they'd stop rising up so much; it gives police sharpshooters too much of a profile.

My nephew Egbert went to live on a commune in rural Ohio. Two weeks later, he was back saying, "I don't mind loving my neighbors; it's living with them that I can't stand." He's gone back to letting the air out of cop cars in Cleveland and playing in a rock band called Do Not Remove This Label Under Penalty of Law. Music is an important part of the revolution. It takes a couple of hundred amps to run a good rock-light show, Egbert suggests. What he's afraid of is that the Establishment will find out, and repress the whole movement by a series of selective blackouts.

But the Establishment is keeping its cool about the revolution. As they say down at the District Building, "Let them eat Methadone."

I don't know how it's all going to end. I'm worried. The other day an innocent lady walking near the White House was struck by lightning. It's frightening. Even the Lord is losing his sense of direction.

The other night NBC revealed that the Army has about 1,000 agents spying on civil rights and antiwar groups around the country. One former agent told NBC that he had once been ordered to cover a speech by Mrs. Coretta King. He reported that Mrs. King quoted her late husband as saying "I have a dream" and that she hoped the dream would come true. His captain told him to "go back and find out what dream she was referring to."

Most important, perhaps, is the fact that Walter Washington has presented the first urban budget ever to provide more funds for defense than for education. Some people are saying that he is spending too much on the police, and not enough on welfare. But the commissioner feels that he has provided both guns and butter. (An official at High's Dairy Stores reports that a number of persons are using guns to get butter, but that's another story).

As a District aide said the other day through his bull horn: "Mr. Washington feels that we can have peace in this city just as soon as people start leaving their neighbors alone. We have no desire to establish permanent police bases in DC. Our only desire is to protect freedom-loving and democratic people from aggression."

The city reportedly has drawn up a timetable of withdrawal but won't reveal it. Plans are underway, however, to pull some troops out of the hallways of DC schools. "We are adopting a policy of teacherization of the school conflict," an official said.

Everyone was pretty happy at the news that the Commissioner was staying on the job. There had been rumors circulating that J. Harrold Carswell or some other strict constructionist would be named to replace him. Even worse, one person close to the White House reported that there were plans to subcontract the entire District to Westinghouse as an experiment to see whether private enterprise could play a larger role in government. Given such alternatives Walter Washington begins to look like a real mayor.

GOV. REAGAN: "I worked for Jack Warner for ten years, and that wasn't easy. I was on TV for General Electric for ten years and I survived that, too. But those goddam Berkeley kids -- they've given me an ulcer."



FREEP ANGELA

PLEASE FOLLOW
INSTRUCTIONS

d.c. gazette

APRIL 19, 1972

25¢

PHOTO BY DOUG FARQUHAR

There have been some rumors circulating that I had sold out to the establishment. This is not true. In fact, I did investigate selling out to the establishment, but upon checking out that body's credit rating, I changed my mind.

Anyway, the closest thing to a decent offer that I got was one from the District Building. They wanted to hire me to keep Jimmy Jones, Joe Cole, John Stagers, Stan Anderson and the other 45 youth directors, coordinators and consultants cool this summer. District officials are seriously worried about what might happen if these youth leaders were to escalate their personal feuding by calling out their young troops. Just the other day, a scheduled aquatic rumble at a walk-to-learn-to-sink-or-swim pool was narrowly averted when Cole forgot to turn on the water.

I told the District Building that the job was too big for me and suggested that they assign a roving leader to each of the youth coordinators or else send them all out of town to camp. It really is dangerous to have a city where the leaders of youth gangs earn an average of \$18,000 a year.

ACCORDING TO THE STAR-NEWS, "To eliminate a potential breeding place for crime, Metro will not have public restrooms at any of its 86 subway stations." Aside from the fact that this would appear to be a violation of District health laws, the decision adds the incontinent to the long list of people Metro doesn't intend to serve.

WHAT this town needs is a rich baseball team owner who will bring a major supermarket chain to the city.

Crime is very much in the news. President Nixon is pushing for a preventive detention bill that would allow the court to lock up dangerous looking people for sixty days without a trial. Senator Tydings has his own version: he wants the detention limited to one month.

So you see, the New Left is quite wrong when it says there's no difference between conservatives and liberals. There is a difference: 30 days.

WHEN ASKED IN EARLY 1971 whether a Laotian invasion was in the works, Presidential press secretary Ronald Zeigler replied: "The President is aware of what is going on in Southeast Asia. That is not to say anything is going on in Southeast Asia."

BUT let's not worry about such minor things. We must learn to accentuate the positive. Take heart from our leaders. Like our vice president who, on July 9 according to United Press International, "speaking while two heavy stage lights sagged dangerously over his head, told a group of educators today they should ignore the cries of repression and despair and 'never forget what's right with America.'"

This tends to make the Administration look conservative. In fact, if the Nixon policy turns any sharper to the right, it's going to have to be banked for safety.

The President has proposed legislation that would permit DC residents to be preventively detained. The Chief Justice wants to do away with the Fifth Amendment. And my wife has started opening my mail.

But I say, keep calm. There is no need to worry until the trains start running on time.

It doesn't even upset me that the Pentagon has committed \$54.2 million for the production of multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles, even though Congress hasn't approved the plan. As the gentlemen at the Defense Department so rightly explained, it was only a "routine follow-up contracting procedure" that "definitized the general contract for production." What's wrong with that?

There's a bright side to everything. Just the other day, it was discovered that there was more DDT in mother's milk than in that produced by cows. Immediately, the Agriculture Department assigned a task force to determine whether a warning should be printed on each centerspread of Playboy magazine. So you see, we are making progress.

In case of enemy attack, however, just follow the big black limosines with the telephones in the back, and I'll see you next month. If there is one.

But these are trivial matters. Laos is ideally suited to the present ambivalences of American foreign and domestic policy. What could be more in keeping with the nature of our times than that we should draft campus hippies to send them to the defense of a country whose major export is raw opium.

Pat Moynihan needs his mother!

Gilbert Hahn and Walter Washington also have been having their troubles. They stood too close together the other day and got their strings all tangled up.

IT'S time for another report from Pretoria on the Potomac, where the gentle folk gather on balmy summer evenings to watch their neighbors getting arrested. In July and August, Washington becomes a vernal wonderland. There is something for everyone. The National Park Service has a program called Summer in the Parks. Pepco is planning a program called Summer in the Dark. The Health Department is running Summer in the Waiting Room. The Welfare Department has Summer in the Red and Walter Washington has a program for himself called Summer in the Command Center. And if none of this sounds appealing, you can go down to the Anacostia and watch it eutrophy or go downtown and watch it eutrophy. There is just no reason not to have fun, but if you are a real misanthrope you can always get yourself picked up by the cops; sixty days from now it'll be fall again.

ONE final note: The Food and Drug Administration prohibits the sale of meat containing more than seven parts per million of DDT. Recent figures indicate that the average American contains twelve parts per million of DDT. So do your bit for the environment and don't eat Americans.

THE GHOSTS ON THE PLATFORM

A midwestern Senator was in the midst of a campaign speech last fall when he suddenly halted. He looked out at his audience and announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen. This is the first time either you or I have heard this speech and, frankly, I don't agree with it." He finished his address speaking off-the-cuff.

The occasion brought a rare moment of truth to the nation's speaking platforms. For here, unnoticed by the press, a public official had confessed to having been duped by a member of a sinister elite; he had been reading words handed to him moments before mounting the stage written not by himself, but by a ghostwriter.

Not even the Central Intelligence Agency is as secret and powerful an organization as the society of ghostwriters. Yet like CIA agents, ghostwriters have proliferated in recent years, their actions, number, and appropriations unchecked by a joint congressional committee or any other board of review, until today they sit at thousands of typewriters behind thousands of unmarked doors, making inarticulate men articulate, and forcing senators to say things they don't believe.

Like an agent of the CIA, a ghostwriter often works under a cover. He is labelled an "administrative assistant" or "staff aide," but whatever his title, his job is to spew forth an endless stream of verbiage upon the American scene.

In his candid book, *Congress, the Sapless Branch*, Senator Joseph Clark, revealed the extent to which words are sown amongst the good citizens of his state under his signature, words which he may never have seen.

Clark admitted he decided early in his senatorial career that he would have to give his staff assistants "virtually complete responsibility for processing the mail."

Clark's mail, like that of many other legislators is answered in large part by robotypers. The Pennsylvania senator rhapsodized about these machines:

"Robo machines are semiautomated electric typewriters which will type a form letter at the press of a button. There is a newer, more expensive model which is fully automated. The robos will produce hundreds of perfectly typed letters in an afternoon; the super-robos will produce thousands of letters all night, while the staff and Senator sleep! And the beauty of it is that only a real expert can tell a robotyped letter and signature from one personally dictated and signed."

Then the Senator went on to describe the ultimate in deceptive devices — the autopen, a \$1200 contraption that simulates signatures. Clark has three forged signatures that he uses:

"Most answers get the formal 'Joseph S. Clark.' Politicians who are not intimate get 'Joe Clark.' Friends get 'Joe' as do a fair number who are not friends but call me 'Joe' when they write."

(Before being too critical of Clark we must consider the ironic and interesting possibility that the comments on ghostwriting machines quoted above may have themselves been ghostwritten and that the senator may never have seen them before they were published under his name.)

Senator Clark's wonderful writing machines and the growth of the ghostwriting as a profession are evidence of widespread acceptance of a strange theory that the complexities of modern life make it necessary for public

figures to say more than they can compose themselves. In fact, it is even believed in some circles that it is better if the public figure composes nothing at all and merely reads what is given him. Thus the news report on



Sen. George Murphy

Ghostwriter's Ideal

a new speech-writing office in the Navy Department which included the rather scornful note that "Now speech writing, even on the higher levels, is a sort of 'do-it-yourself' project." The man who writes his own stuff is (as a ghostwriter might phrase it over at the Pentagon) becoming virtually obsolete.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that George Murphy should win a seat in the U.S. Senate or Ronald Reagan run for governor of California. They are the ghostwriter's ideal, actors who have learned to be pliant performers of someone else's words. We strongly suspect, in fact, that if the Republican Party fails to recover from its present afflictions it will be replaced by Actor's Equity.

It is argued that a man as busy as the President must employ a staff of ghostwriters in order to keep up with his verbal commitments. Yet is Mr. Johnson any busier than Winston Churchill was at the height of the Second World War? Churchill, according to the reports we have read, spent hours sweating over his speeches, grooming them to perfection. Somehow, amidst the V-2's and the invasion plans, he found time to prepare his own words.

Churchill knew the power of speech and he knew its weaknesses, too. He realized that Britain required more than a plethora of clichés ground out day after day; it needed words that would stick in the heart and the guts.

We will, however, concede that there are some valid reasons for the President, speaking as the whole government, to employ ghostwriters. But do senators, representatives, Air Force generals, bank presidents, ball players, police chiefs, bishops, United Fund chairmen and Girl Scout leaders have the same need? Hardly.

If they are presented the choice between hiring someone to compose their speeches or articles and not speaking or writing, let them keep silent. We would all be the better for it.

Congress would function more smoothly. Businessmen would not suffer indigestion from attending too many bad public dinners. "Mr. Chairmen, Reverends, and distinguished guests" everywhere would have more time for their wives and children.

Further, we would be able to vote for political candidates as they really are, unvarnished by the efforts of an anonymous group of scribes. As things stand, we have no assurance that a candidate, once in office, will keep the same speech-writer used in the campaign and so we likewise have no assurance that we will continue to get what we paid for at the polls.

It might be possible to abolish the profession of ghostwriting altogether if a Federal law against plagiarism were passed. Our legislators could, if they had trouble drafting the measure, check with any of our higher institutions of learning — the Air Force

Academy, for example — for model academic codes dealing with this problem. And ghostwriters could be prepared for new lives under the Manpower Retraining Act.

But we realize this isn't too practical and so offer a typical legislative compromise — a labelling bill.

Under it, speakers and authors would be forced to disclose the true origin of their material and the names of ghostwriters would be listed with those of their candidates on all ballots.

It's going to be tough to get even this measure through. The ghostwriters will work overtime churning out speeches in opposition to it. But if we win, a glorious silence will descend upon the land. Public men will say no more than is within themselves and they will learn what Lincoln discovered some time ago: that if you have something to say, you can write a pretty good speech on the back of an envelope all by yourself.



MILITANT

SEVERAL years ago, Martin Luther King told the American people, "I have a dream."

The other day, at a joint session of Congress, President Nixon told the American people that he too had a dream, but in the interests of curbing inflation he wasn't going to tell us about it.

He did announce a war on pollution. He called for a program to build municipal waste treatment plants and said that, "each of us must resolve that each day he will leave his home, his property, the public places of the city or town a little cleaner, a little better, a little more pleasant for himself and those around him." Not since President Eisenhower got Arthur Godfrey to go on radio and urge us to buy a new car in order to end a recession has a chief executive so clearly outlined our duties as citizens. If each of us will just be a little more careful with our bubble gum wrappers, Lake Erie may live again.

In the latest of his historic speeches, Mr. Nixon also discussed crime. He said that Congressmen were afraid to walk home at night to their Capitol Hill homes from the congressional parking lots. I don't blame them, considering the shape some are in. Someone might accidentally step on their hands.

Symbolic of the District's attitude towards the trash problem is the Sanitation Division's reaction to the matter of beer and whiskey bottles that often overflow Capitol East receptacles after a weekend. The cans are not emptied until the following Thursday. When a Gazette reporter asked a sanitation official about this, he was told that it was illegal to drink in public and since the receptacles are for pedestrian litter only, the bottles and beer cans shouldn't be there.

Don't Stop It Just Yet, I'm Still On

In the Planetarium
Return
Engagement

"END OF THE WORLD"

The spectacular "End of the World" show will continue to astound visitors throughout the month of May.

—announcement from the Fels Planetarium, Philadelphia, Pa.

How strange is man to have enjoyed
Watching himself being destroyed;
And then to have inquired when
He might come to see the show again.

Now it is happy, happy May
They're blowing up the world each day.
Soon they'll be starting to rehearse
Destruction of the universe.

So grab your children, take a friend,
Let's watch them make our small world end;
And if we pay attention to it,
We may just learn how not to do it.

FIRST the news from the wonderful world of city planning. The third absolutely official plan for Pennsylvania Avenue has been released. The fourteenth absolutely official plan for Ft. Lincoln has been scuttled, and the District Building, not taking any chances, is about to present two absolutely official plans for the West End. Metro, in the meanwhile, is trying to help the situation by running experimental shuttle bus service between the offices of Oliver Carr, BSI Inc., Skidmore-Owings-Merrill, the District Building and the headquarters of the Redevelopment Land Agency. A highway department count has discovered that planners are the second leading cause of traffic congestion in downtown Washington, and Metro, rejecting an earlier proposal for exclusive lanes for planning officials, has turned instead to the shuttle bus idea. The only delay is being caused by Nathaniel Owings's failure to submit final plans for bus shelters. The first design, winding in a graceful curve from the FBI Building to the Monument grounds and thence to the Treasury Department, included an operating model of a tropical rain forest interspersed with photocopying machines. It was rejected by the Fine Arts Commission on the grounds that it was out of scale with the surroundings. Said a commission official, "Our feeling is that a bus shelter should be no larger than a bus."

The best of Spiro

"They resemble children playing with power tools
but I believe their grandstanding is going to back-
fire. They are about to gore their own oxen."

-- Spiro Agnew on the
Senate

(And as the sun sinks slowly on the north side of
the dam.)

IN other hot items, City Council members Jetty Moore and Toni Ford voted against a referendum on the convention center, saying that they thought the issue was too complex for the public to understand. That's what our parents told us about sex: we ended up getting screwed anyway. Rockwood Foster voted against the referendum because the issue was too complex for him to understand. Sterling Tucker agreed that the issue was the complex and voted against the referendum, while Jack Nevius abstained for reasons too complex to understand.

THAT'S it for now, except to report that the latest Gallup poll finds that Americans consider the energy crisis more important than the Nixon administration scandals. In other words, it's soaring oil over troubled Watergate.

Esprit De Corps

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Romance is blooming abroad in the President's Peace Corps. There have been 51 marriages overseas, plus uncounted engagements . . .

—newspaper article

Will you love me back in Tulsa
As you do in Pakistan?
Can a well developed culture
Let us stay as wife and man?

In the dim Karachi moonlight
We shared a solemn vow;
In Tulsa's neon brightness
Will it all be changed somehow?

Since you're a dietician
And I'm a tractor driver,
We scarcely would have dated
Sans aid from Sargent Shriver.

This only do I ask you,
Assure me if you can:
You'll love me back in Tulsa
Or we'll stay in Pakistan.

Poll and pulpit

THE AME ministers are the latest to start boosting Walter Washington from the pulpit. Rev. James Robinson, head of the AME ministerial alliance, says that the AME pastors will devote a portion of each Sunday's service to support of the commissioner in the upcoming elections. The problem with linking the Commissioner and the Almighty is that it might raise some questions about the ministers' claims concerning the omnipotence of God. It doesn't reflect too well upon the Lord to suggest that there is heavenly intervention in local politics.

Hard Job

A MAN hired by a construction company was asked to fill out the details of an accident that put him in the hospital after less than an hour on the job.

His job was to carry bricks from the top of a two story house down to the ground. Here is his report:

"Thinking I could save time, I rigged a beam with a pulley at the top of the house, and a rope leading to the ground. I tied an empty barrel on one end of the rope, pulled it to the top of the house, and then fastened the other end of the rope to a tree. Going up to the top of the house, I filled the barrel with bricks.

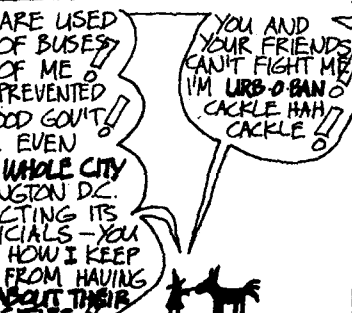
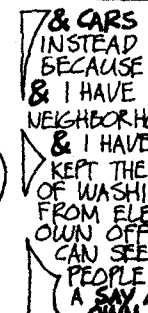
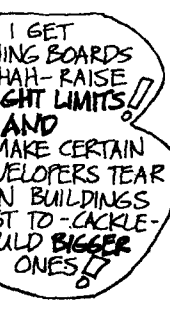
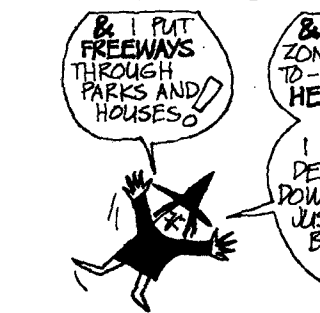
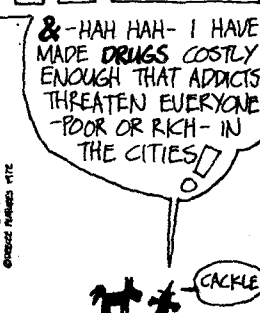
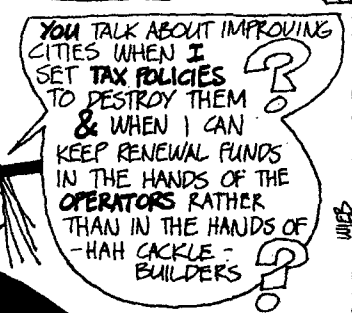
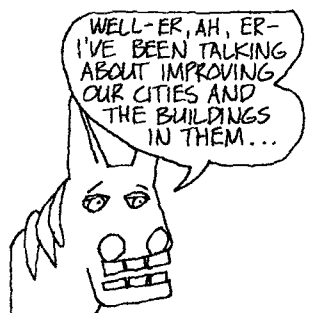
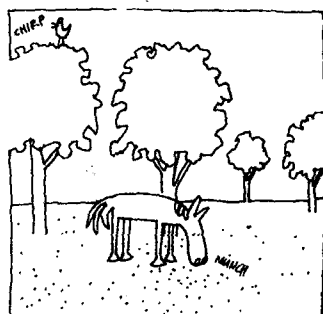
"Then I went back down and unfastened the rope to let the barrel down. Unfortunately the barrel of bricks was now heavier than I, and before I knew what was happening, the barrel jerked me up in the air. I hung onto the rope, and halfway up I met the barrel coming down, receiving a severe blow on the left shoulder.

"I then continued on up to the top, banging my head on the beam and jamming my fingers in the pulley.

"When the barrel hit the ground, the bottom burst, spilling the bricks. As I was now heavier than the barrel, I started down at high speed. Halfway down I met the empty barrel coming up, receiving severe lacerations to my shins. When I hit the ground, I landed on the bricks. At this point, I must have become confused because I let go of the rope. The barrel came down, striking me on the head, and I woke up in the hospital. I respectfully request sick leave."

—CPS

DEECEE FEATURES
PRESENTS
ARCHIHORSE
THE WORLD'S
MOST INFORMED HORSE
AND
HOW THE DREADED URB-O-BAN
MAKES HIS POWER KNOWN



ON TRUTH IN PACKAGING

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Selling peanuts by the peck;
They did not move quite as they ought

And so he switched to seven-quart
Super-Giant-Family Size
Bags he thought would please all eyes,

Sold for twenty-one cents more
Or two for just \$1.04.

Then to sell his goods still quicker
Added to his line a slicker
Package that was nine quarts large,
And for this product he did charge
Twice the price billed for the one
With which his selling had begun.

The boy stood on the burning ship;
A salty taste had crossed his lip.
That ain't the nuts, he started thinking,

That's water and this ship is sinking.

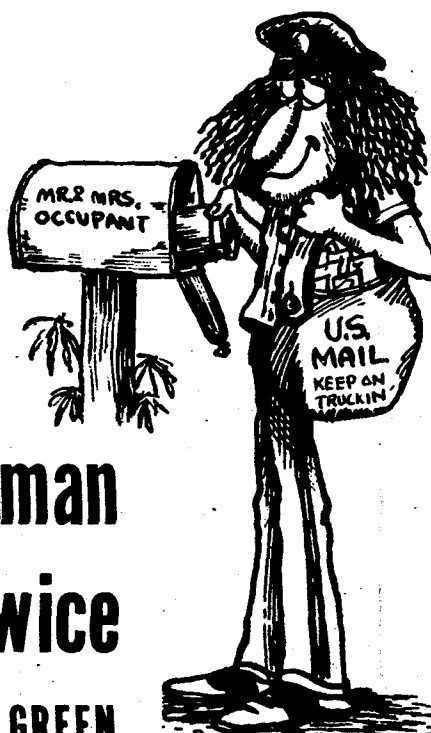
He gathered up his bags and then
Withdrew his red felt marking-pen;
And as he slipped into the trough,
He marked each bag "NOW TEN CENTS OFF!"



"It's the White House. He says if we don't rescind our wage demands he's going to release his stockpile of civil servants."

Why the mailman always rings twice

ERIC GREEN



LIVING in the Washington area, we often hear complaints about the high crime rate. "We must have law and order," cry the politicians. This fear for personal safety has resulted in the strengthening of the police department and the installment of intense security systems in our stores and homes.

Recently, while working as a mailman, I knocked on hundreds of doors every week. I found fear and surprise in nearly every home. In fact, after working for several months, I felt qualified to categorize people by the way they answered the door. The basic instinct to survive is best revealed when a person faces pressure. I find people react to the pressure of opening their door in several different ways. Here are some examples:

First, there is "Calamity Jane." When I ring the bell, this person goes into shock. Then I hear a small voice answer,

"Who's that? What do you want?"

"I'm the mailman. I have a package for you."

"Go away. We don't want any."

"But ma'am, don't you want your mail? You will have to sign for it."

The lady answers in a friendly tone: "If you don't go away, I'm going to call my husband. He has a gun and he's not afraid to use it on people like you."

"Ok, ok, I'm going away. I'll leave your package at the door."

Then I loudly walk away and hide by the elevator. After a few minutes, I hear the sound of the peephole open. Then I hear four locks un-

fasten and see the door open. An arm extends frantically into the hall to grab the package. The door slams, and the long process of relocking the door begins.

Then there is the "This is Your Life" category. This person opens the door after I identify myself as a mailman. This individual, usually a man owning a house, will answer my knock with, "Who's that? What is it?"

"I'm the mailman. I have a registered letter for you."

"Show me your identification."

After showing the man my postal hat, post office badge, social security and draft cards, the man opens the door. He is surrounded by three enormous German shepherds. The dogs, with maniacal eyes and saliva dripping from their jaws, seem ready to rip me into shreds.

The dog owner assures me, "Oh, don't worry about these dogs. They only bite strangers."

After the man has signed for his letter and closes the door, the dogs leap to the picture window. I nervously walk to the mail truck. I can hear them trying to claw their way outside.

Sometimes, a woman will answer. She asks:

"Could you please put the letter through the mail slot in the door?"

As I guide the letter through the opening, I can feel someone pulling the letter from the inside of the home. But it is not the woman. It is her dog who has the letter in his jaws. He is

growling and in a short time I hear the sound of paper ripping.

We now come to the group known as the "Dial a Neighbor Crowd." I find many of these persons in apartments on Connecticut Avenue. When I knock on the door, someone inside will shout:

"Just a minute, I'll be right there." Then the resident will run to the phone and call either the switchboard operator downstairs in the lobby or a friend's house. I can sometimes hear the owner saying on the phone, "There is someone at the door. I am going to answer the door now and if it's trouble, I'll yell."

Many times when two or more persons are at home, I'll hear a mother say to her son or daughter,

"Go to the phone and dial all the numbers to the police department except the last one." I assume that if the owner thought I look like a criminal, the police would have me in handcuffs before I could get down the stairs.

There is also the "Guess who's coming over to tea" club. These are ladies who invite their friends over for the afternoon. When I knock on the door, the noisy house suddenly becomes quiet. Someone says, "Who could that be? Should we answer it?"

Another woman, presumably the hostess, will announce, "All right ladies, let's not panic. It's probably the paper boy. I'll open the door."

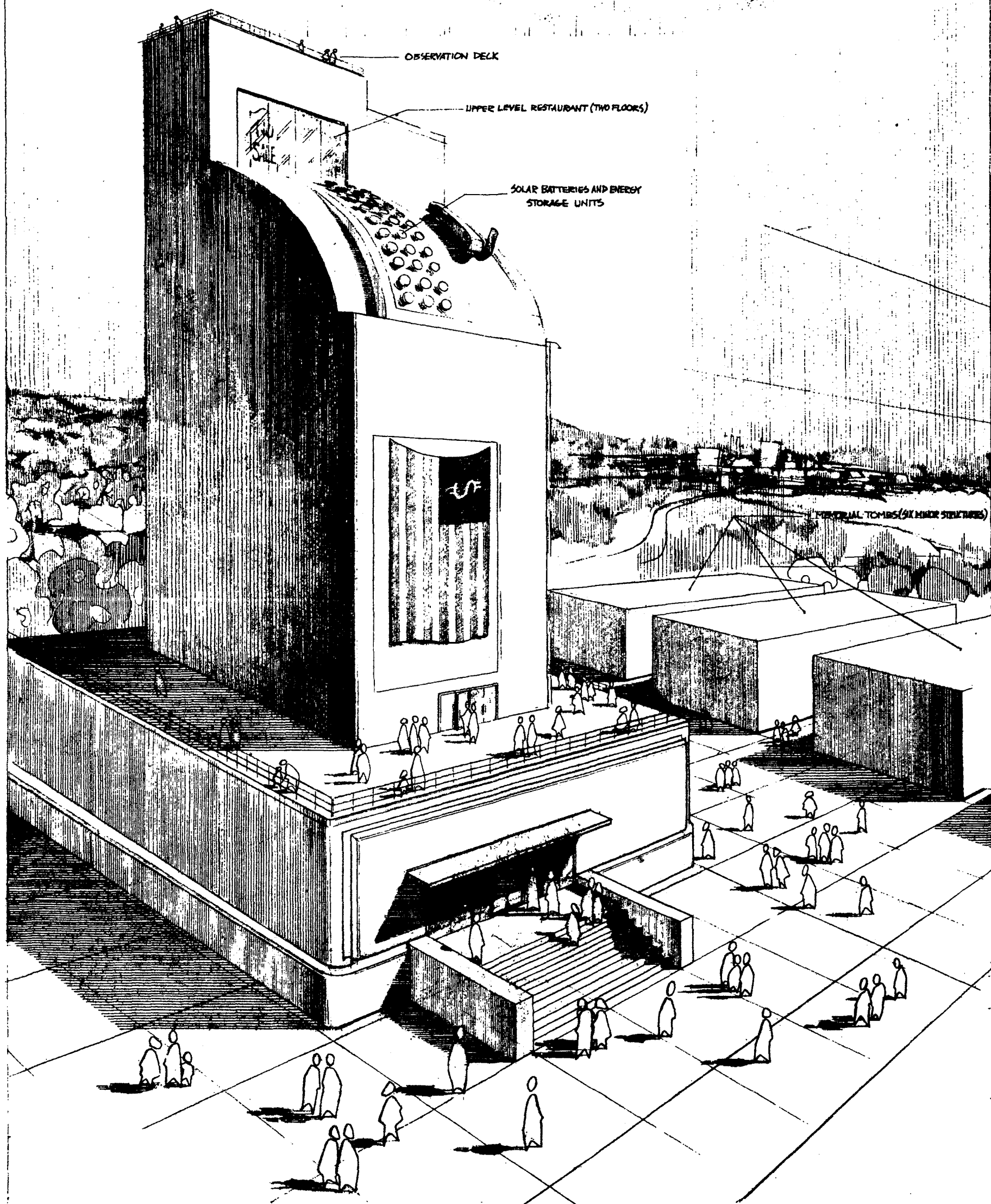
When the women see me, there is first a collective gasp. Then a guest will proclaim, "If you want something go next door. None of us has any money. Besides, the Brunetts don't own anything valuable."

On warm days, I don't wear a post office uniform. On these days, I occasionally meet my favorite group. Many of these persons live in Chevy Chase and Bethesda. These persons are already outside the door which I come to deliver their mail. My presence terrifies them because they have locked themselves out of their homes and they have no where to run. They shrink against the wall and surrender. Because I'm not wearing a uniform they have no idea who I am. They look at me suspiciously as I place the mail at their doorstep. They seem to think I'm planting a bomb or am about to rob them because they usually rush to a neighbor's garage. I remember one elderly lady locked out of her house. When she saw me climbing the steps to her porch, she scrambled to the garage, hopped on a bicycle and peddled furiously down the driveway to the street.

THE Commerce Department's annual presentation of the "Maurice H. Stans Award for Distinguished Federal Financial Management" has been discontinued.

— ZNS

MAIN STRUCTURE WILL HOUSE - TWELVE ABOVE LEVEL FLOORS CONTAINING - LOBBY - INFORMATION - DIRECTORS OFFICE - CAFETERIA - SOUVENIR SHOP - ART GALLERY w/ HISTORICAL WORKS OF MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL IMPORTANCE - UPPER LEVEL RESTAURANT - OBSERVATION DECK - TWO SUBLEVELS HOUSING A RARE MONIES GALLERY - WORKSHOPS - STORAGE - ALL LEVELS TO BE SERVICED BY ATOMIC ELEVATORS w/ ALL ENERGY PROVIDED BY A SOLAR ENERGY PLANT - (6) MINOR STRUCTURES - TOMBS OF IMPORTANT MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL FIGURES w/ PERSONAL MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES - ONE MINOR STRUCTURE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO VISIT NAMING



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO AMERICAN LIFE

IN HONOR OF THE MILITARY AND INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

DANIEL YORACK DESIGNER MADISON WISCONSIN

TO A BURNED-OUT BULB

Little light bulb that burned bright
In the socket of the night;
You created expectation
Of long-term illumination.

I bought you just the other day
In hope that you would light my
way
Through all the lengthy months
to come,
Unfailing watt and amp and ohm.

But your makers do decree
Fleeting electricity;
The short life-span of your flame
Edison would fill with shame.

Once there were some light bulbs
that
One year's darkness would combat,
But how fast your gleam is gone
So that other bulbs may spawn.

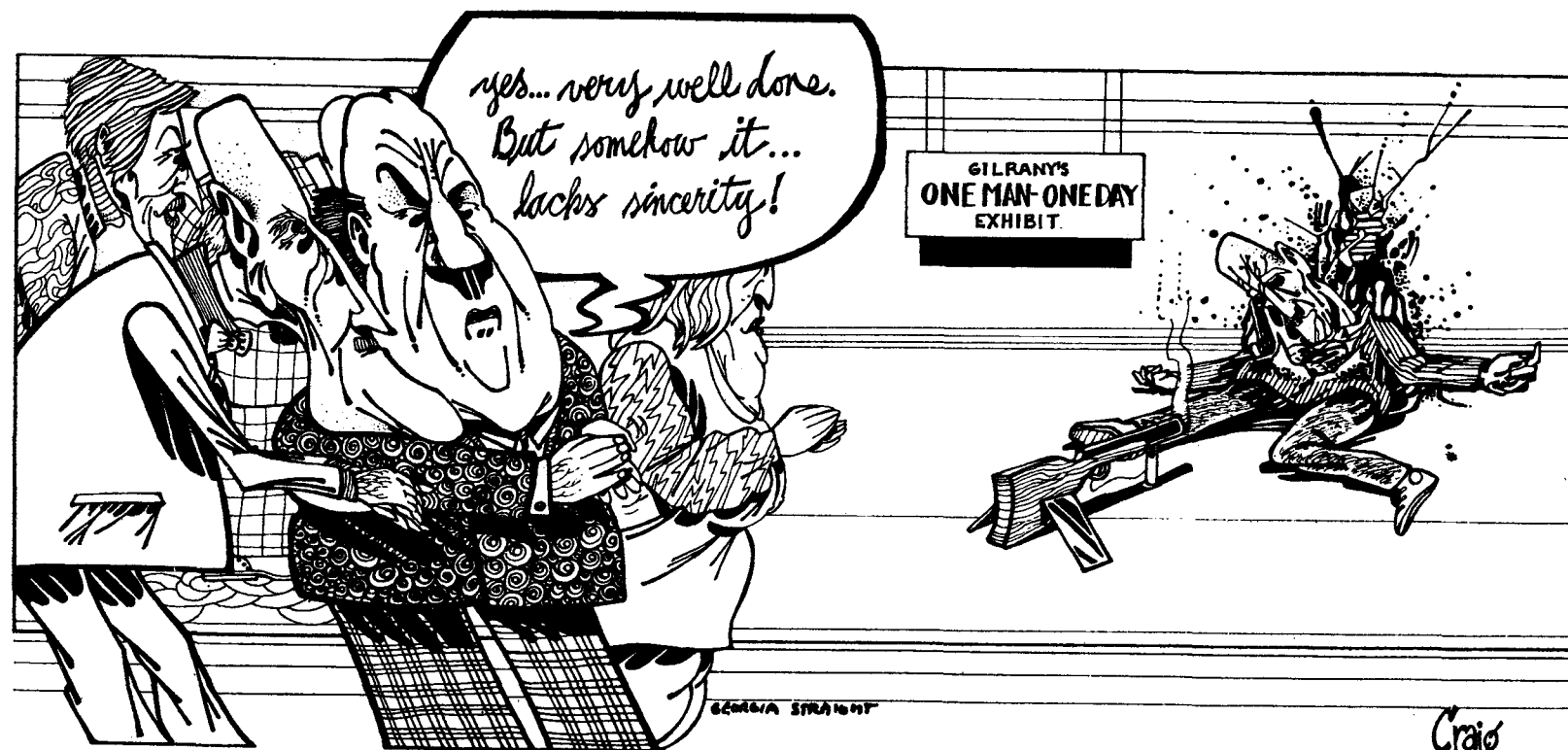
How soon your glare-free life's
complete,
Created to be obsolete.
Built to last but not too long;
Christened with a funeral song.

Production in this mighty nation
Was aided by your liquidation.
Still as you breathed your final
watt,
Did you regret what you were not?

I'm told that it's part of a plan;
Consumption is the end of man.
Though progress praises your brief
spark,
I shall curse you in the dark.



Great Speckled Bird/LNS



Craig

